

AUGUST 1, 1897.

THE
Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

A MISCELLANY & REVIEW of BELLES LETTRES




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CHICAGO:

Printed for *Herbert S Stone & Company*
at the *Caxton Building* in
Dearborn Street



The Secret's Out!

I've heard it said, and heard it read,
That put to any test,
Of all the mites a woman writes,
Her "P.S." is the best.
Though why the best, none ever
guess'd,
Nor saw a secret there,
Until a maid in mischief laid
The women's secret bare—
That P.S. means
Pears' Soap



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The Chap-Book

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NOTES

THE DISTRIBUTION of jubilee honors would have puzzled Boswell, for they were in most cases awarded neither to "the knowledge, the expertness, the skill, the assiduity and the spirited hazards of business," nor to "vicious feats of war." Politics was almost the sole motive in the choice of peers, baronets, and privy councillors—in the case of Lord Egerton of Tatton, party politics; in the case of Sir Wilfred Laurier, imperial federation politics of a big order. It was a gross bait that was set for the valuable democratic leader of the liberal Jean Baptistes. A few years ago Laurier was as pronounced an annexationist as any Canadian politician dared to be, and shared much of the contumely that fell to the lot of Blake, the Toronto journalist, for his blundering Washington letter. In England he was regarded as the possible bull in the imperial china shop. But Mr. Chamberlain is a swift judge of men, and it was no trick at all for him to read actor in a face that instantly suggests the medallions of the French tragedian, Mounet-Sully. To return to Ottawa as Sir Wilfred Laurier was too much for the Jacobin in the Canadian premier. He grasped for the bait, and he will live as a proof of the power of the "new diplomacy." It will be well for the world if his surrender shall end the absurd talk of annexation. On one side of the line the hope of the annexationists has become a knight; on the other side their leader was near to becoming a convict; in both cases the punishment fits the crime.

THE HAWAIIAN TREATY hangs fire chiefly because of the opposition of the Cleveland fetishists in the senate—perhaps in a smaller degree, also, because of the indifference of the sugar trust. A lack of popular interest in the project is unfortunate for the president, but by no means difficult to understand. The suspicion that the Americans in Hawaii are rather more cunning than capable is well grounded in a knowledge of the exploits of these missionary children, and it has been deepened by the somewhat squalid appearance of the Hawaiian representatives in this country. Amiable as we are in the toleration of hail-fellow-well-met manners among our own statesmen of the "Billy" Mason-Dubois order, it was not without certain misgivings that Washington people saw the ambassador of a friendly republic cocking his feet above the paste pots in "Newspaper Row" and pouring diplomatic secrets and complaints into the

ears of the newspaper correspondents from Kansas City and Sapparapa, Maine. Nor are the accounts of the "men of light and leading" at home more pleasing; they appear to be adventurers who have never ventured and revolutionists who are afraid of firearms. But they are in the saddle for the moment, which lends legitimacy to a transfer that is at least negatively desirable. For it seems plain that unless we take Hawaii, some one else will. It cannot remain in suspense, a fat ear of corn, while the ravens wheel above it. The Some One looms up in Japan. There is much Jingo in the Japanese, and they are preparing to desert genial domesticity in much the same spirit that controls them when they send their youth to Paris to study painting under the immortal Bougereau—*nomen clarum et venerabile!* But in a second aspect there is a measure of reason in the Japanese ambition. The home population, now larger than that of the British Islands or France, is growing at the rate of one per cent a year, and must in time strain the confines of the present empire. No outlet exists in the East, while Russia stands athwart the coast from Bering Sea to Tonquin; the ports of the United States are closed to Asiatics. Hence the remarkable Japanese immigration in Hawaii; hence the Japanese imperial designs in Hawaii. On a show of numbers Japan would have a much better case than the United States. A good one third of the population is Japanese; the Japanese are to the American born as forty to two. But other things than numbers count in the mathematics of politics, and the American and other annexationists are in full control. They would be unlikely to accept Japanese rule, and that is what threatens them in case the United States refuses the proffered gift, for the quarrel over restriction of immigration has reached a stage where it will serve as a pretext for an enlargement of the Japanese "sphere of influence." Whether the game is worth the candle for the United States, the specialists in economics and naval strategy will say. In any case, whatever is to be done should be done promptly. It has become an axiom that the nation that shortens its speeches widens its boundaries.

POLITICS play the deuce with consistency everywhere, but the Ohio democrats might have left something of the rags of steadfastness for the imagination. These irreconcilable enemies of plutocracy, sans-culottes as fierce as lusty feeding and warm lodging can breed, have nominated for governor the typical exploiter of the proletariat—a money-lending banker, a miner by proxy, a rotund, easy man, whose eye cannot measure his fat acres. He is "gaffed" as they say in the p. r. by a millionaire newspaper proprietor with a gusto for stocks and bonds, oil wells, and railways, who lives in the city of Washington and recalls Ohio only as a disagreeable place, peopled by plaintiffs in libel actions, grand juries, and persons with writs. It is a mourn-

ful sarcasm that last year, when the chances of success were as uncertain as the rhetoric of the platform, the horny hand was asked to wield the brand; while to-day, when victory is merely a matter of waiting with a napkin, a possible emissary of Lombard Street will levy toll of votes on the hungry and rebellious. For the democrats will probably carry Ohio. The mere "off-year" return move makes this reasonably certain. The coal miners' strike has added another figure to the democratic hundreds column, while the rapacious struggle over the tariff, the rumors of assaults on the civil service, the character of federal appointments, have tended to impair the republican lines. In the event of democratic success Mr. John R. McLean will be chosen as United States senator. The nature of this calamity can be understood best by those who have ever seen the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

IN THE CONDUCT of a theatrical business occasion constantly arises, as it does in the management of a publishing house, for conveying to the press items and announcements which are legitimate "news." We have already commented on the way publishers and magazine editors dilute such news with sloppy and fulsome praise, and thereby constantly gain valuable free advertisements. But the performances of the publisher are dignified and restrained, compared with those of the theatrical manager. The typewritten slips of the advance agent are at times quite inconceivable. First they are an insult to the newspaper critic, for it is believed that he will print them, and to the public, for it is expected to accept such reprinted stuff as the honest opinion of a newspaper critic, and lastly to the English language. But the worst feature of the whole affair is the light it sheds upon what a stage career must mean to a woman. We have advanced a great deal in our view of the stage during the last fifty years. We at least tolerate virtue in an actress. But we are apparently not prepared yet to tolerate privacy. Young women who wish to go on the stage will do well to consider exactly what such a step means. It is more than an occasional interview and the annual loss of one's diamonds. It is best to be quite explicit; the public deserves to know the actual method of disseminating vulgar gossip. If you go on the stage almost every newspaper in the country will receive a typewritten paper headed

PRESS BUREAU,
JOEL MARKS & CO.

—OFFICES,—
Knickerbocker Theater Building, N. Y.
LAWRENCE MARSTON & W. J. BERRY,
Representatives.

From a recent bulletin of this house we clip the following concentrations of vulgarity, which we suppose the young aspirant would not care to have imitated for her own benefit:

"As a matter of course in one play there can be only one sure enough, full grown, up-to-date leading man. There can be several leading actors, but only one love-the-heroine, kiss-me-quick leading man. In plays where the heroine is the star actress, she usually instructs her manager whom to engage for this position; where there are two stars, they both instruct. Manager Marston has had his net out for the handsomest leading man in the market; he directs the tour of Miss Isabelle Evesson and Miss Estelle Clayton in their comedy, *A Puritan Romance*; and surely his two beautiful stars must have a man to make love to,—in their character of Puritan maidens, of course,—whose appearance, at least, would warrant an excuse for their desperate and soul-despairing love for him. But it's no use; he can't find one to suit them both—in the play they are rivals and both insist on loving the only leading man. Now Estelle is a brunette and wants a leading man who looks like the Viking kings—with massive figure and flaxen curls. Isabelle is a babyish blonde, and wants a dark-eyed, slender, supple, with-a-reckless-Southern-air leading man. Dore Babcock, Jack Gilmore, John Koller, and Sheridan Block suit Miss Evesson, and James Hackett, William Harcourt, David Murray, and Carl Richmond would suit Miss Clayton. Marston says it's too hot to worry, and that if the worst comes to the worst, he'll engage two leading men and let them fight it out among themselves."

"Time was when we all thought pretty Estelle Clayton was going to chuck all her friends overboard and marry a many-time millionaire. Instead, she has turned her back on the gilt-edged young gentleman and will star jointly with her sister in a comedy she herself wrote, entitled *A Puritan Romance*. The man in the case straightway sought solace for her coquetry in the dark eyes of another pretty actress, and, strange to say, in one who bears a striking resemblance to Miss Clayton. Of course it would not do to mention names, as the parties are too well known; but the rich young man's courtship prospered better with the other lady—anyhow, they got married. The coquettish Clayton has the pleasure of seeing the wife puffed and photographed in the papers, received abroad, and wearing a crown of diamonds, at the Metropolitan Opera House last season, which made all New York stare. Ah, well, all things have their compensation. Estelle is beautiful and fancy free and in her cosy home up-town there is no nursery with three or four squalling babies. Time, pretty woman's stern adjudicator, strikes a balance occasionally."

"Lillian Lewis says theatrical fathers and mothers bring up their children much more carefully and with more Christian teaching than they ever are given credit for. Miss Lewis is a high-church Episcopalian, and instructed classes in Sunday school—

taught the catechism and creed to hundreds of children; but teaching her little two-year-old niece her first prayer was the hardest task she ever undertook in the prayer-creed-catechism line; after a few weeks the result was about like this:

Now I lay me down to sleep—
(Oh, auntie Kit, I'm awfully tired—)
I pray the Lord my soul to keep—
(Oh, auntie Kit ain't I thro' yet—)

She had a little petition at the end of the prayer, and quickly learned that the more names she could add and string on in the petition, the longer she could stay out of bed. In the home was a beautiful brown setter, "Jess," who had just presented the family with a large litter of pups. On the day they arrived, this was the tag to her "Now I lay me" prayer:

And God bless baby and make her a good girl —
And always tell the truth —
And God bless papa and mamma, and auntie Fisher, and Tot —
And uncle Fritz, and auntie Kit, and Mrs. Flatherty, Mr. Fred — Jess — and grandpa, and the rest of the pups."

We cannot conceive that the Misses Lewis, Clayton, and Evesson, if they are women of the slightest delicacy of feeling, could read these passages without a hot flush of shame, and a sense of degradation. We can readily believe that the woman who embarks on a theatrical career does not understand that it means this sort of thing. If she did and were a decent woman, we can easily imagine her not continuing in her profession. Actresses are doubtless persuaded by managers that such publicity is the only hope of success. Some actresses doubtless need no persuasion. And to be quite frank, if the Messrs. Joel Marks find that the public likes vulgarity and Harry Thurston Peck's style, and if they can induce newspapers to print such stuff, we do not much blame them for their course. We do not believe that many papers print these machine-made criticisms; we believe some do; and we believe if none did, the whole thing would stop. There we think is our finger on the cause of the whole trouble.

To show what is a dignified and legitimate advance notice, we take pleasure in reprinting one which comes from Mrs. Fiske's agent:

"Mrs. Fiske, in October, will begin a tour of the large cities of the country in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*," and will appear in this city in this remarkable play, which was the leading dramatic topic of New York last season. Mrs. Fiske will undoubtedly offer the greatest novelty on the road for 1897-98. The fame of Mrs. Fiske's latest artistic work has traveled everywhere—even to Europe—and there is perhaps no city in this country in which she will appear next season whose theater public has not had its curiosity piqued by the generally circu-

lated magazines, in which much space has been devoted to this great actress and her play, or by persons who, visiting New York last season, sat under the spell of *Tess* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Mrs. Fiske will carry all the elaborate scenery of her original production, and her company next season will be even better than that of last season, which was declared to be the most perfectly balanced and able organization seen in New York in many years."

MR. W. D. HOWELLS has left America to spend the fall and possibly the winter at Carlsbad, seeking remedies for dyspepsia; so that for the next few months our literature must struggle along as best it can without its charming and kindly father. The position Mr. Howells has won for himself is curious and paradoxical to a degree. He is so far from being a great writer that he only ranks fairly well among American novelists. His literary principles are few and dogmatic and rather narrow, and he has made a fetish of what we believe to be an entirely false notion of art. Yet not since the days of Dr. Johnson has any one man had such a powerful critical influence over the writers and readers of his country. If a firm of publishers is anxious to boom a new author, Mr. Howells is the first man to be appealed to for a panegyric on his work. If an unknown writer has by any chance done something good, Mr. Howells is the first to stretch out an encouraging hand. If a preface is needed for a collection of poems or sketches or short stories, it is Mr. Howells's pen that supplies it. One could form a most entertaining library from the works of the authors whom Mr. Howells has praised and outgrown. For it is the secret of Mr. Howells's influence, that he has an ill word for nobody. If the man he is writing about is living, Mr. Howells is laudatory; if he is young, Mr. Howells is enthusiastic; if he is dead, Mr. Howells apologizes for discovering a few playful defects. Naturally he has not always been very judicious. Not many of his protégés have set the Hudson on fire; most of them are known as "men whom Howells once praised," one wonders why. Indeed, Mr. Howells is probably a good deal more ready to encourage youth than literature. It is part of his perpetual freshness of heart and intellect that he must be helping somebody. So it has come about that to the present generation of American writers Mr. Howells is the man who gave them their first start, and brought about their first recognition. And one may be sure there will be no more "discoveries" till Mr. Howells returns.

IN THE DAYS WHEN Mrs. Alice Meynell would dedicate a book to Coventry Patmore, and Coventry Patmore would review it in the *Saturday Review*, and place Mrs. Meynell rather above Bacon as a thinker, above Shelley as a poet, and above Sir Thomas Browne as a stylist, English criticism, so

far as the minor fry of London writers was concerned, was entirely in the hands of assiduous log-rollers. We used to pride ourselves that things were done differently in America, and that criticism here was at any rate honest. The last two or three years have brought about a great change, and no one would venture to make such a claim now. The sudden popularity of signed reviews has done as much as anything to make American criticism "an affair of friends"; and with critics in the pay of publishers, and newspapers all over the country printing machine-made notices of books, things could not have come to a much lower ebb. Partly this is due to the criminal recklessness with which our most respected authors scatter about their eulogies on any writer's first effort. *The Bookman* for July gave a good instance of this special kind of folly. "There was a book of verses," says *The Bookman*, "that came to us last Christmas, the sort of verses that our office-boy could write by the mile if he was n't afraid of losing his place; and in it came a printed slip with remarks more or less eulogistic from seven of the most eminent authors in this country." It would teach these gentlemen a lesson they ought to learn if *The Bookman* would reprint their praises, with extracts from the rubbish heap that called them forth.

IN AN INTERVIEW with a representative of *he Sketch*, Mr. Richard Harding Davis managed to work in a fierce dig at the New York *Journal*. Mr. Davis was sent by the London *Times* to the Græco-Turkish war, and the experience gave him an opportunity of comparing American and English journalistic methods. "American papers," he said, "are too fond of advertising what they're going to do and do n't make the paper advertise itself. One journal on the other side, which was sending myself and an artist to Cuba, dwelt for weeks on the fact that they'd chartered a steamer for us, enlarged on our efforts to cross the gulf, nearly drowned us, and made us ridiculous. All this nonsense was run to the exclusion of real Cuban news and pictures. What the *Times* wants from me is a story to the point, directly about the special subject; a story which will be read and which will create interest without artificial and irrelevant sensation. That's as it should be." Mr. Davis seems to have thoroughly enjoyed himself in the trenches of Velestino, as he does wherever he goes. He took a good many photographs, caught sciatica, and was well shot over, three new additions to his remarkable experiences.

FOR PEOPLE interested in the decoration of their own homes *The House Beautiful* should be a very welcome addition to their periodical list, and for the local pride of Chicago the magazine is a most gratifying achievement. There is no other American publication which fills exactly the same field. It is not a technical journal for the architect and upholsterer, neither is it for the fireside amateur, who ex-

pects to achieve any and every artistic effect with a packing-box covered with chintz, and a milking-stool glorified by gilding. The editors presuppose in their readers taste, intelligence, and the unpleasant knowledge that many beautiful things are necessarily costly. They offer really well-illustrated articles on successful houses and rooms; papers done with authority upon rugs, pottery, and furniture; and readable, if dilettanteish, comment and criticism. The magazine is typographically creditable, and has a really dignified look.

I AM one of those who cannot bear to find fault with Henry Irving, much less with Ellen Terry. As a matter of fact, I have not much fault to find with Miss Terry—if any—and I have much praise to sing of her; but I have even a greater amount of blame to lay upon Sir Henry's shoulders. In the present case of *Napoleon*, these shoulders are sufficiently stuffed, padded, and built up and out (for all the world as if to accommodate a balcony full of people to see a Jubilee procession!) to bear the brunt of almost any fault-finding. Irving's make-up is considered, in London, wonderful, and so it is, but it is very dreadful too. He does look something like Napoleon, which is surprising, in view of the actor's own physique and appearance, but he looks a good deal more like a Brownie, which is equally surprising. Had Mr. Max Beerbohm caricatured, in his usually brilliant way, the great Corsican, he could not have succeeded better than Irving has done—without trying. It is absurd to call it a "triumph of make-up"; it is really a failure in upholstery. If one were to stick a lady's hat-pin into this Napoleon *anywhere*, I feel confident one would not reach the actor. And so all through with the character. Irving's Hero is stuffed with sawdust, not made up of flesh and blood. Except in the one or two melodramatic moments, his acting is at its worst. This does not mean that it is not full of deft, original touches, and illuminated with ideas, such as come to this man more often than to any other, but the rôle is wrongly composed. In appearance he is like his character, only absurdly so. In his acting he is unlike his character, and also, again, absurdly so. For the first time in my experience Irving lacked the true atmosphere in his performance. He is not French, and he is not *Empire*. He trips and dances when he walks across, or up and down the stage. He has finicky mannerisms; his own mannerisms, which I often like and never take offense at, come out on this occasion grotesquely conspicuous.

He has, of course, produced the Sardou play most beautifully. It is better done even than the original French production. Even Paris must play second to the Lyceum Theatre in the matter of the decorative embellishment of a play. I never saw anything ugly on Irving's stage, and I have seen something ugly on every stage in Paris, beginning and ending

with the Français. There is a decided rumor about that Irving is going to play in the French capital next year, and I hope it is true. But I trust he will not choose Napoleon.

The faults of Miss Terry's *Sans Gêne* are principally due to the adapter. The rôle is written largely in the language of modern Whitechapel. Miss Terry is not herself modern—the difficulty with this exquisite actress is to keep her out of a period, not to get her into one—but all that she says is more or less "up to date," and she herself becomes as much like 'Arriet as is possible for her, which fortunately is n't much! All her charms and graces are there in full, delighting force; her sense of humor as buoyant as ever; her serious moments as convincing and moving. Granted an English *Sans Gêne*, she is as perfect as can be. She is a little uncertain about her lines now and then, and Age, who seems to be drugged by her smiles when he reaches her face, and so made helpless, has worked his will in the outlines of her figure,—but—there is no one I would be willing to see play the part in her stead.

The scenes in Act II, where *Sans Gêne* tries on a riding-habit and takes a lesson in deportment, are better acted by Terry—quite as amusingly, but less in the manner of burlesque—than by Réjane, who is appearing at the same time in Sardou's piece in London. Réjane began her season with *Frou-Frou*, giving a new and brilliant rendering of the leading rôle. She treats it very much as Duse does *La Dame aux Camélias*, underplaying in a wonderful way. Réjane is the most artistically natural actress on the French stage. She is the French Duse, as Mrs. Fiske is the American Duse. I wish there were an English one; I used to think Mrs. Patrick Campbell was going to be, and perhaps she will yet—there is time.

To return for a moment to the Lyceum, there are some people who claim if the management would only call it *Madame Do n't-Care-a-Hang and Wellington*, the performance would do very well. It is a fact that apparently nothing could make it a greater financial success, for the theater is always filled. X.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1897.

EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

DEAR SIR,—Permit us to state that your remark in the last CHAP-BOOK regarding our announcement of the new series of *Letters of Women* is absolutely incorrect. The new volume which we intend to bring out is the translation of *Dernières Lettres de Femmes*, of which we have had the advance sheets for over six weeks. As to the *Nouvelles Lettres de Femmes*, issued, as you state, four years ago, several are to be found in our translation.

Yours truly,

MEYER BROS. & Co.

WALT WHITMAN AND
THE CRITICS

IF I did not know that Mr. Chapman is a serious man, I should be inclined to think that his article on Whitman was intended to be sensational—a mere piece of bravado to challenge controversy. As he is known to be serious, he must be then defective in wisdom. For his article exhibits in the first part ignorance of the real motive of the criticisms passed in England upon *Leaves of Grass*, and in the second part a failure to perceive the cultural nature and the mystical features of Whitman's prose and poetical writings.

As to Mr. Chapman's animadversions in the second part of the paper, I do not see that his opinion has any more value than the opinions he strives to correct. The theory of the "tramp" is, however, so striking and original that it seems as if it must be true. Indeed, when one's attention is called to the matter, it is curious to observe how constantly Whitman employs the terminology of tramping:

- "I tramp a perpetual journey;
My signs are a rain-proof coat, good shoes, and
a staff cut from the woods.
No friend of mine takes his ease in my chair, —
I have no chair, no church, no philosophy;
I lead no man to a dinner-table, library, ex-
change;
But each man and each woman of you I lead
upon a knoll,
My left hand hooking you round the waist,
My right hand pointing to landscapes of con-
tinents and the public road."
- "All parts away for the progress of souls,
All religion, all solid things, arts, governments —
all that was or is apparent upon this globe,
or any globe, falls into niches and corners
before the procession of souls along the
grand roads of the universe.
Of the progress of the souls of men and women
along the grand roads of the universe, all
other progress is the needed emblem and
sustenance."
- "I visit the orchards of spheres and look at the
product,
And look at quintillions ripen'd, and look at quin-
tillions green."
- "What are the portals of the known but to ascend
and enter the Unknown?
And what are those of life but for Death?"
- "My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain;
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on
perfect terms;
The great Comorado, the lover true for whom I
pine, will be there."

But it only needs these quotations to show how mystical Whitman's metaphors are. Always he links temporal with eternal processes. "The powers of the air are in league with him." May it not be that Mr. Chapman has missed the figurative meaning of the poet's own life? In any case, the characterization need not imply censure, for all original poets have been "tramps" in the same sense. Wordsworth, in his day, was the king of trampdom.

But it is not my purpose to debate Mr. Chapman's own criticism, but to examine the truth of the statement made in the first part of the paper respecting the motives of the English reviewers. It is said that Whitman has been accepted in England as a poet worthy of eulogy on the grounds of his uncouthness, his insolence, his violation of the canons of art and society,—on the ground, that is, that, like Buffalo Bill, he is a product peculiarly American, something to stare at, therefore, and to excite the interest of an outworn and weary culture. This explanation of Whitman's recognition in England is not new, for it has long been current among American critics as their defense of their own incapacity and lack of insight. I think it is the American and not the English mind that is in this case "unconscious" of itself. The English critics, almost without exception, have shown appreciation of the wonderful worth of *Leaves of Grass*, for reasons that are valid anywhere in the realm of literature. I do not know of a single English writer who has acknowledged Whitman's significance on the grounds that Mr. Chapman has given. Did Tennyson admire Whitman for his uncouthness? Did Swinburne call him "a strong-winged soul with prophetic lips hot with the blood-beats of song," for the reason of his blasphemy? Did Ruskin wonder at the power of Whitman's words against the moral sins because of his immorality? If the English criticisms be fairly read, it will be found that no one was ever awarded the title of greatness on more universal and weighty grounds than this poet has been. John Addington Symonds hazarded his critical reputation upon an open avowal of the sterling poetic merits of *Leaves of Grass*, and in his study of the Greek poets constantly referred to Whitman as a modern illustration of the Hellenic spirit. Havelock Ellis called attention also to Whitman's Hellenism and considered him by the side of Diderot, Heine, Ibsen, and Tolstoi, as a representative of the New Spirit. W. M. Rossetti thought him one of the greatest poets in any part of the world. Sir Edwin Arnold, who knew *Leaves of Grass* by heart, said Whitman should be regarded with reverence and affection for his humanity, his insight, his faith, his courage, and his exquisite poetry. On the fly-leaf of a copy of *Leaves of Grass*, Oscar Wilde wrote his tribute to one "who, living blamelessly, dared to kiss the smitten mouth of his own century." Henry Salt affirms that in

Whitman the true successor of Shelley is found, the originator of a new democratic ideal, and of a new manner of expressing it. Edward Carpenter calls him one of the world's "eternal peaks," and thinks his poetry is more absolute in expression, more real in its content, and burns brighter in the nearness of sunrise than Shelley's. John Todhunter classes Whitman with Shelley and Hugo, as the three great poets of Democracy, whose utterances are full of prophetic fervor, and who seem to gaze forward into the future with eyes that lighten with the vision of some boundless hope for mankind. Long ago Carlyle wrote: "This is a man furnished for the highest of all enterprises—that of being the poet of his age." Recently William Watson has written in epigram:

"Some find thee foul and rank and fetid, Walt,
Who cannot tell Arabia from a sty.
Thou followest Truth, nor fearest, nor doth halt;
Truth: and the sole uncleanness is a lie."

But allowing the English mind to be "unconscious" and therefore "uncritical," there remain to be explained the genuinely critical utterances of writers on the Continent who cannot be suspected of having the English predisposition to be "fantastic." I have at my hand many acknowledgments of Whitman's greatness, the weighty criticisms of the French writers, "Th. Bentzon," Gabriel Sarrazin, and Zola; the Germans, Freiligrath, Rolleston, and Karl Knortz; the Russians, Stepniak, Popoff, and Tolstoi; the Scandinavians, Schmidt and Bjornson; and the Australian, Gay. When the Italian litterateur, Enrico Nencioni, held Whitman up to young Italy as a master who afforded an antidote against the sickly literature of the coteries, saying, "Here is truth and here is poetry," are we to suppose that this enthusiasm was engendered by the spectacle of a barbaric poet eating with his knife in some backwoods, slices of American pie! Surely the problem of this man's influence is not solved by the very inadequate propositions of Mr. Chapman.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

TO publish remarks about Walt Whitman is to raise the signal for Donnybrook Fair: "Wherever you see a head, hit it." The first on the ground must let out a pretty good whoop to discourage the others. Mr. Chapman shies his castor with spirit, it will be allowed, but his defiant "hurroo" does not discourage; rather does it fire to emulation; one longs to tread on the tail of his coat till the tail rips off, and to lather him with one's shillalah.

Let us, however, deny ourselves the generous pleasure of vying with Mr. Chapman and making his head buzz as it must have buzzed while he was writing his article. Let us be practical and see if there is anything of value in what he has written.

Let us make ourselves unlitrary for the moment; it would certainly be a fine thing to get a good re-estimate of Whitman, an estimate which will make a little clearer a curious and real problem.

The beginning of Mr. Chapman's article is not of much value, although it is, of course, clever and amusing. Why devote one third of one's space to showing that Whitman is not representative of America? Nobody thinks that he is. There may have been Englishmen who have thought so, but that is a matter of no consequence. If Mr. Chapman can correct the *Saturday Review*, that will be a thing excellent in itself but of no vital interest to a great majority of the readers of THE CHAP BOOK. The fact that the English are in error about Walt Whitman need not disturb us. And really all Englishmen have not considered him representative of America: Dowden called him the poet of Democracy. Stevenson said that he wished to have America representative of him. Symonds, I believe, thought him essentially a Greek. It is true that Whitman did offer himself and his book to Europe as defining America and her athletic democracy, but that was only a sort of metaphor, to be taken for what it is worth.

Having dallied too long in the fierce delight of correcting the *Saturday Review*, Mr. Chapman gives us his own view, namely, that "Walt Whitman has given utterance to the soul of the tramp," and by inference that Walt Whitman was himself a tramp, as far as essentials were concerned, and not much more. Now, "true criticism means an attempt to find out what something is," a serious effort to get at the fact, it seems to follow that this view of Mr. Chapman's has no critical value. For what can such a view mean? Epigrams and metaphors aside, I try to get some real meaning out of it. It does not mean that Walt Whitman was actually what we call a tramp, nor does it mean that what we call a tramp ever had such a possession of brain-waves as we find in Walt Whitman's poetry. What then does it mean? Why this much: that a tramp, cosmically considered, or looked at from the point of view of an educated man, divests himself of much circumstance and resolves himself into an idea: that Walt Whitman's poetry read by an educated man produces a number of ideas, one of them resembling the idea which the cosmic tramp resolved into. That's all. No tramp ever had a soul like Walt Whitman's poetry, nor is Walt Whitman's poetry tramp-like, save in its rejection of authority.

Having wrongly called Whitman a tramp, Mr. Chapman next calls him something incompatible, namely a man with a "mission, a "professional poet," a "quack." Having been wrong before, Mr. Chapman is here right. Certainly these expressions resume (rather brutally, it seems to me) a considerable element in the third (and most blatant) edition of *Leaves of Grass*. It was the way of the time to have missions. After the war Walt Whitman rather gave up the idea, and was more

content to be what he really was. Certainly one can read Whitman intelligently and with great enjoyment and not be disturbed by his innocent mission. The real point about his mission is how you are going to take it, not that the having a mission necessarily damns a man and makes him a most horrid mountebank.

Subsequently Mr. Chapman points out that Walt Whitman expressed very completely the physical joy in mere living, and that he is as unreal as William Morris in all that concerns the human relations.

But, on the whole, Mr. Chapman's article does not reveal to us anything in Whitman's poetry that will account for the fact that it has influenced and does still influence men of intelligence, besides others. In fact Mr. Chapman's article is not criticism but a piece of "the merest impressionism," being limited, as far as one can see, by Mr. Chapman's circumstances. So far as one can judge, Mr. Chapman is vexed at mediocre, middle-class Americanism. The conventional circumstances of American life,—magazines, for instance,—annoy him, he is impatient of them. It is very natural, then, that he should also be annoyed at a radical, a come-outer who turns out, in the directions of interest to Mr. Chapman, to be also mediocre, middle-class, conventional. Those who disagree with society are apt enough to disagree with each other, for they will probably have left society in different directions. Mr. Chapman, from his unsocial position, expresses a view for the unsocial Whitman, but there can be little permanence in that view, for there is no permanence in the standpoint.

Now as to Walt Whitman, there is something to his work which has appealed to men. Of course, his worst points seem representatively American to the *Saturday Review*; of course (writing in the fifties), he thought he had a mission; of course, he had limitations, affectations, and ate cold pie: those are things which, when we try and consider the man and his work in the whole, pass away, evaporate, vanish; one is not disturbed by them. There remains a vitalizing power.

Criticism means, among other things, an attempt to find out what something is. But really the interest in poetry is not so much in itself, or in its cause, the poet, as it is in its effect. Now the fact,—and no article can make it anything else,—the fact is that, all rubbish aside, Whitman has affected many intelligent men vitally and profoundly. The real thing worth doing, then, is to explain that matter; not to tell us who Whitman was, but to tell us what Whitman is.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

A GREAT writer may be not a great man—for example, Poe—and it would be easy to show that a great man rarely writes exceedingly well—note Napoleon's pomposity of style and Gladstone's desiccated diction—ergo the critic, in considering a man's literature,

does well to consider the man not at all; yet in portraying the man it is absolutely necessary to consult his literature. The difference between criticism and biography is thus brought out, as if by inks of strongly contrasting colors.

It seems to me that Walt Whitman's American eulogists have imagined themselves critics; a great mistake of theirs, but not inexplicable. A distinguished pork-packer once, when he was a candidate for Governor of Indiana, said in a stump speech that "a man who doesn't like the smell of a hog-pen is a leetle too nice to live;" and a thousand voices were heard applauding him. A critic who likes the flavor and savor of Whitman's writings is apt to regard us who do not as a trifle too decent for longevity. They hurl the man bodily at our heads, forgetting that we are not considering Walt Whitman himself but Walt Whitman's poetry. Yet the distinction must be observed and respected before there can be any criticism worth writing or reading.

Walt Whitman doubtless was a man of many attractive personal qualities, perhaps he was a great man in a way; but that he was not a great poet is self-evident. If he was a great poet, there has never been another; if he was a great artist, none went before him, none has come after; if he was a great thinker, he was the first one and the last. It would be a mistake to doubt his sincerity; but the true critic easily sees that it is an acquired, not a congenital, sincerity, so far as his poetry reveals it. Neither his style nor his diction bears internal evidence of spontaneity. The form of his art shows labored, overwrought unnaturalness. The critic who seriously compares it to Homer's cannot read Greek with a Greek understanding. As well compare Tupper's art to that of Theocritus. Whitman's few good pieces are quite good enough to show how unnaturalness strangled his Muse.

Whitman's literary admirers have been unfortunate in their choice of an adjective with which to qualify his poetic genius. "Cosmic" is their word, a good Greek echo lost in a vast hollow of ignorance. It would have been better to coin the word "magmic"; for a disorderly mass, not an orderly world, is what Whitman spouted from his pen. Even his catalogues are amorphous, and his confusion of rhetoric looks like a studied jumble. A zealous worshiper of Whitman's shadow once upon a time publicly denounced me as an "irresponsible critic," because I had said that Whitman tried to be Greek and failed. In the next breath this disciple of the "Good Grey Poet" denounced Milton of Paradise fame as roundly as he had belabored me! The point I make is that in order to uphold Whitman it is absolutely necessary to crush every person, great or small, who ever wrote a line not similar to something in *Leaves of Grass*! Milton, Tennyson, Hugo, Goethe, Keats, Shakespeare, Virgil, Poe, Longfellow, Pindar—all must be sacrificed for the safety of Whitman. Homer is pre-

sumably tolerated on the ground of a "cosmic" resemblance of the *Iliad* to *Leaves of Grass*. It stands for nothing, however, that the *Iliad* tells a powerful story, with the swing and surge of actual life in it, while *Leaves of Grass* cannot be taken seriously, as a whole, for anything or any group of things artistic, thought-bearing, beauty-bringing, enlightening, or inspiring. The only adjective is "cosmic"; one is tempted to add phallic, in a tentative mood.

As for the stress laid upon Whitman's so-called "representative Americanism" by a class of English critics, the joke of it is in the confirmation apparently afforded by the abject acquiescence of our own critics. I see no reason why Englishmen should respect "yawp" from a critic more or less than "yawp" from a poet; and taking it from both sources confirms them in their belief that we are a nation of greenhorns, well represented ("cosmically," of course) by Whitman's unbearable coarseness, ignorance, and egotism. The few eloquent and touching bits which glitter like rough diamonds amid the worthless inanities and rumbling vagaries of *Leaves of Grass* are not what English critics have based their discovery of Walt Whitman's Americanism upon; it is the "yawp," the vulgarity, the obscenity, the braggadocio, and the ignorance. American critics have groveled low to follow suit; and then some of them wonder why their books are not read in England! But you can trust a sandy-haired, burly Englishman to know a toady when he sees one, and to despise him right heartily. Our critics, in abasing themselves to make their estimates of Whitman somewhat coincide with that of John Addington Symonds and his like, have not won what they played for. Theodore Watts and Algernon Charles Swinburne have spoken the genuine word of English criticism on this subject, and John Burroughs has vigorously called them names.

Whitman had what may be denominated the poetic sense, and his deep ignorance would not have hindered him as a free-and-easy lyricist; but he deliberately set out to be queer and loose, and to make poetry out of queerness and looseness. Many a man before him had demonstrated the impossibility of premeditated originality. His failure, however, was most notable because his capital was really large. No other man ever had such a reservoir of unfiltered, unsterilized, and altogether amazing egotism upon which to draw for floods of resonant and high-rolling absurdities.

We grumble not a little, and with justice, at the poetry lately dealt out to us in the magazines; but what if the magazines were to begin a ten-years' run of *Leaves of Grass*? I can think of nothing more terrible, unless it might be twenty years of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

MAURICE THOMPSON.



THE OTHER YEARS

SOMEWHERE in his walks up and down Vanity Fair,—which is the same old Fair as in the days when Becky Sharp cajoled that carousing guardsman, Crawley, and fat James Sedley strutted, and pretended,—somewhere, Bates had seen her, and talked with her. So he paused, and gave her the chance of recognition, but she looked at him without seeing him,—perhaps not even seeing the fading line of the South-Coast.

As he went along the deck he said to himself:

"I must be growing old indeed, not to be able to place so pretty a woman. If I were a bit younger, I certainly should go up and speak to her,—just as if I knew her. Ah, Bates, don't you know,—I would explain. I did that once when I was younger."

"Why should n't I now. Why, bless me, I feel in the humor,—though I am forty. There's only old Sam, and neither he nor I know a soul on board—not a woman soul, that's to say. I thought once that the North Atlantic could n't be endurable unless you had a girl to talk to,—and now,—I declare I'll do it."

"It's delightful to find you on the *Cesaria*," he said, turning about and advancing to where the lady sat, rug-wrapped,—for it began to blow chill.

The lady stared.

"Particularly," Bates went on, "in this first hour since Southampton. How many hours will there be? By the *Cesaria's* record,—let me see,—five times twenty-four hours,—is one hundred and twenty hours. Add five, and fifteen minutes."

"Was that the voyage in or out?" said she, still looking puzzled. "And you have n't allowed for *mal-de-mer*."

He hesitated when she said "in" or "out." Now he could n't tell whether she was American or English; she was one of those uncertain women. Was his effrontery going to succeed? He certainly remembered her face,—but where? A man who had knocked about so much as he, of course, would remember many faces which simply had impressed him vividly.

"In," he said.

"To England,—that is," said she.

"No, to New York," he said.

"I thought you were an Englishman."

"You never can tell about people, meeting as we did," he said. "It was such a cosmopolitan place."

"Was it Lady Mayfair's?" she said. "Do sit down, Mr. —?"

"O, it's awfully good of you," he said, taking the chair at her side. "Yes, I think it was at Lady Mayfair's."

He was bound to bear it out; she looked so extremely interesting.

"Did n't we meet again at the Vanderwater-Brown's,—in New York," he added at a venture.

"Yes, we may have," she said, with a laugh that sounded the least mischievous. "I know the Vanderwater-Brown's very—well!"

Bates did slightly.

"I think," she said, after a moment, "people drift apart easily."

"It seems to be our case," Bates said, and then more soberly:

"You see I have been in the Transvaal all these years—seven at a stretch. That makes a difference; I have been here now—I who was once in London so much—only for ten days."

"The Transvaal?" she said suddenly! "The Transvaal?"

"Land of the present popular heroes, and of disappointed hopes," Bates went on, watching her entertaining face. The word, the Transvaal, seemed to have aroused some interest, some association of ideas. He was now not so sure he ever had seen her anywhere; but she, out of a wide acquaintance, plainly thought she must have met him.

"South Africa is filled with adventurers, they say."

"The land of broken-down gentlemen," Bates said. "Ah, I could tell you a lot of stories—gentlemen, gentlemen's sons, living like beggars—waiting for that which never comes."

"Do tell me one—about yourself?" she added, of course.

"O, there are n't any," he cried. "Mine's a simple, straightforward story. It does n't even savor of the land of Barnato."

"He's the modern Monte Cristo," she said. "Ah, you men have so many chances. You can go about the world. You can find adventure. We women are so restricted," she explained petulantly.

"Adventures," said the bronzed Bates, slowly, forgetting that this acquaintanceship was one, "are usually spelt hardships; nothing near by is very romantic. Ah," he added, "I am forgetting your charming self." And his eyes flashed an apology.

The lady flushed slightly, looking out on the dancing waters.

"It's the fashion of compliments," she said, "to say that a woman is an adventure. I do n't know, I am sure; but I think they are."

"Until you have 'em thoroughly committed, you never can be sure of 'em," he said lightly.

"Yes, yes," she said quickly. "You never can. Young girls, particularly, do such foolish things,—against their own real wishes,—not so much out of impulse, as out of a certain hardness after impulse has passed."

"So lovers quarrel," quoth he.

"Yes, so lovers quarrel," said the lady. "Now that I have pushed beyond girlhood—"

"No, no," he cried, "you can't persuade me to that."

"O, well, I'll drop you a mental courtesy for

your small change of compliment—nothing more, sir. I do hope I may n't appear so old, but I am a woman whom very young girls come to with their confidences."

"I can understand that," said the irrepressible Bates.

"Very readily," she retorted with bright laughter. "But to return to the subject—only yesterday a girl I knew came to my lodgings in Clarges Street. She had had a row with Tom; she liked him so much; he was the best fellow in the world; but this prudent virgin, looking down the long vistas of the future, knew that Tom was dissipated, or she feared that he would become so. She might be happy for a year, she went on—but there were the other years, and their possibilities. Then she added, most of our married friends make a mess of life; and I retorted that most of our unmarried friends make as bad a mess of it."

"Yes, you are right," said Bates soberly. "But I do n't like a girl who can talk like that. I want my girls,—the ones I like,—to be impulsive, you know."

"Yes, yes," the lady laughed, "men always do of course. You see this girl,—it's a single impulsive moment with a woman like this girl, and that had passed when she considered so coolly herself and Tom. Well, I told her a story."

The speaker hesitated.

"A story?" Bates asked.

"About a friend of mine," the lady said, "who was as like this girl as could be. She reasoned as this girl had reasoned, and she sent her Tom away, because he was n't flawless,—and her Tom ruined himself, and that girl was unhappy,—up to now."

"Did she retort that your girl would have been unhappy had she married Tom?" Bates asked after a pause.

"When there are two risks," his companion said, "why not take the risk of happiness?—so I told her,—that was my other friend's verdict."

"Did she end by making up with Tom,—on your advice?"

"O, I do n't know. That was yesterday. I can't tell. You never can about a girl of twenty."

"Well," said Bates, "the girl in your story sent a man,—you know the phrase,—to the devil."

"Yes," said the other quietly, "I'm afraid now she did. It is not vanity for her to say that; since she really cared as much for the man as he did for her; he was, after all, the one man for her,—and perhaps she was the one woman for him. But he left her; he did n't come back."

"I think, too, that good women, as well as bad ones, sometimes ruin men," Bates commented.

"Yes,—I agree," she said earnestly.

"I was thinking," Bates went on, "of a fellow whom I met when I first went down to South Africa. We were a lot of engineers, some of whom since have become very well known, like John Hays

Hammond. I do n't know whether you knew or not; I am an engineer by profession. Well, in those days, there was no land in the world where there were so many sorry adventurers, hopeless fellows,—with pasts, and many of 'em so young that they ought n't to have had anything save a beginning. I had known the like of the Englishmen in the old days of Colorado, but here they were n't confined to Englishmen alone. I made the acquaintance—I'll confess it was a poker game—of a young countryman of mine, who plainly had gone to the devil. He was one of those reckless, kindly spirits, their own worst enemies; and I knew enough at once to see that there was no intrinsic bad about him,—only that superficial veneer of badness which he had taken from his surroundings. He told me that he was down there under an assumed name, that he was n't going back until he struck luck, and he never would strike it, he added pessimistically. He did n't care; life was a mess at the best,—or the worst.

"Stop drinking, you idiot, for a week, and you will see things clearer. You were born a gentleman."

"O, well, what's that?" he retorted. "A gentleman, eh,—a phrase."

"Go about among some decent people for a little while," I said. "You can find 'em down here. Associate with some good women for a week."

"For he was that kind of a boy who plainly had come from good surroundings; who, perhaps, had somewhere a mother—a sister."

"Do you know," he said hoarsely, "that it takes a bad man to really appreciate a good woman?" He paused, and then with a sudden burst of frankness he went on, looking at me as if half-ashamed of the confidence: "There was a girl I once knew in New York,—a girl who kept me decent. I don't know that a particular girl usually makes so much difference as in novels and stories they say she does, but this one did to me. But I was n't worth her—no, not I. And in the end she would n't have me."

"He was," said the listener, almost eagerly. "And this boy—what became of him?" she added in a quieter, lower tone.

"I'll tell you; that's another part of the story. He kept going from bad to worse. Finally he disappeared—a chap with a host of friends, but as dissipated as you make 'em."

"He disappeared?" the listener said in a very low tone, "and you never heard of him?"

"It's a surprising story," Bates went on, "and it belongs—to South Africa. He enlisted, like many another man similarly circumstanced, in the Bechuanaland police. The open-air life straightened him up, his muscles hardened, his brain became clearer—as he told me afterward."

"I am glad—so glad," said the lady. "His other years were becoming better than the woman

he thought so good—who was n't; who was selfish, vain,—" she ended almost violently.

"It was action, work, self-forgetfulness. Then he took a chance which restored his pride. He did something. Let a broken-down man get self-respect, and he is half saved."

"And he did that—he did that?" she cried.

"You like my story?" Bates asked.

She paused, and then said slowly:

"It is interesting,—very."

"I'll tell you of the chance. He was one of twenty volunteers in a desperate affair, which was to carry news of succor and present aid to a garrison in the heart of a revolted savage district. When the relief party was ambushed, but five escaped, and he among them. These succeeded in throwing themselves into the garrison. But it was a sorry garrison; all the commissioned officers were dead or disabled. There was absolutely no leader. Yet the men were fighting as best they could, for they knew their horrid fate should they yield. It was an occasion that should develop a leader, and one was found."

"It was he," the listener cried; "he?"

"Yes, it was my acquaintance, who had in him no fear of death, and the clear-sighted sense of leadership. The others deferred to him. It seemed a hopeless task, but he went at it as if there were all the hope in the world. I could make out of what happened in those fearful days as pretty a story of adventure as you could wish, but it's the consequences I am telling you of—what happened to him."

"He was killed?" she said, almost faintly.

"Killed,—after that?"

"On the contrary, he succeeded by almost marvelous efforts in holding out until the main force, of which the twenty volunteers had been the van, came up. He could not have held out an hour longer; as it was, he saved that district to the South African Company."

"And —?"

"He received a commission."

"And —?"

"He had regained position,—self-respect. He continued a very efficient officer in that service until —"

"Until?"

"He has resigned. O, I say, it's not so uncommon a story; I must apologize for it."

The sunshine sparkled over the wave-crests; the yellow South of England cliffs showed out grim with a stretch of milder green at their tops. The blue sky seemed close, intimate.

"You did not tell me his name."

"O,—Dalton,—Samuel Dalton. It's a good name to remember."

"Yes," she said, "yes."

A tall, bearded, sunburned man passed along the deck; his eyes clear and strong, his gait showing vigor.

"Why, there he is now," Bates said. "I did n't tell you he was with me."

He was wondering in some embarrassment how he should introduce her, whose name he did n't know,—should he call Dalton over. But his companion anticipated him, by half rising, the rugs falling away.

"Sam!" she said; "Sam!"

Dalton turned, and for a moment they looked at each other, a world unknown to Bates in their eyes.

"Sam," she said again.

The man crossed to her, and took her hand without a word.

"Why, you two know each other!" Bates exclaimed.

But they appeared to be not so much as aware of his existence, and rising silently, for some reason, he left them.

"Do sit down," said the woman at last, with a little hysterical laugh.

"You ask me to?" he said.

"I have been so miserable," she said, "for all these years,—so miserable."

Some moments after, he was speaking earnestly.

"But you are good, so good. What have I been?—what have I done? Oh, I am so ashamed of it,—when I see you,—when I hear your voice."

"Oh, pshaw!" she said. "I am not so good; no woman is so good as you men, when you are in love, think her."

"But I am in love," he said.

And she answered.

"I would have you so. Let's have some of the other years to ourselves."

"To ourselves."

When Bates passed them, after discreetly giving them a half hour together, Dalton called to him:

"You know Miss Fayerweather then, Bates?"

"Why, yes indeed, Miss Fayerweather and I know each other very well," he said glibly.

"But to tell you the truth," the young lady said, "do you know I had forgotten your name? I knew I must have met you somewhere,—or else —"

"Or else,—I would n't have spoken to you," Bates said quickly.

"And I should n't have heard,—that story,—that interesting story about you, Sam," she added.

"But where did we meet, Mr. Bates?"

"Now you know how it is with people like ourselves who have a wide circle of acquaintances. We remember faces,—and forget names,—you know,—after some years. But —"

He stammered a bit, and paused and looked at Dalton's face and at hers.

"My private opinion, Miss Fayerweather, is that we have met this time,—in Heaven."

And the Cesaria scudded on over the summer South of England sea.

CLINTON ROSS.

THE SHEPHERD

BESIDE her cot, with shading hand,
She searched the hills at eventide;
Each scaur and heathery track she scanned
Until her shepherd she descried.

So be it given to behold,
My heart, when life's last air grows chill,
Thy Shepherd moving by the fold
At sundown on the heavenly hill.

WILLIAM CANTON.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

BY HENRY JAMES

XXIX

AFTER they were seated there it was different: the place was not below the hotel, but farther along the quay; with wide, clear windows and a floor sprinkled with bran in a manner that gave it, for Maisie, something of the added charm of a circus. They had pretty much to themselves the painted spaces and the red plush benches; these were shared by a few scattered gentlemen who picked teeth, with facial contortions, behind little bare tables, and by an old personage in particular, a very old personage with a red ribbon in his buttonhole, whose manner of soaking buttered rolls in coffee and then disposing of them in the little that was left of the interval between his nose and chin might, at a less anxious hour, have cast upon Maisie an almost envious spell. They too had their *café au lait* and their buttered rolls, determined by Sir Claude's asking her if she could, with that light aid, wait till the hour of *déjeuner*. His allusion to this meal gave her, in the shaded, sprinkled coolness, the scene, as she vaguely felt, of a sort of ordered, mirrored license, the haunt of those—the irregular, like herself—who went to bed, or who rose, too late, something to think over while she watched the white-aproned waiter perform as nimbly with plates and saucers as a certain conjurer her friend had, in London, taken her to a music-hall to see. Sir Claude had presently begun to talk again, to tell her how London had looked and how long he had felt himself, on either side, to have been absent; all about Susan Ash too, and the amusement, as well as the difficulty, he had had with her; then all about his return journey and the Channel in the night and the crowd of people coming over and the way there were always too many one knew. He spoke of other matters beside, especially of what she must tell him of the occupations, while he was away, of Mrs. Wix and her pupil. Had n't they had the good time he had promised?—had he exaggerated a bit the arrangements made for their pleasure? Maisie had something—not all there was—to say of

his success and of their gratitude: she had a complication of thought that grew every minute, grew with the consciousness that she had never seen him in this particular state in which he had been given back.

Mrs. Wix had once said—it was once or fifty times; once was enough for Maisie, but more was not too much—that he was wonderfully various. Well, he was certainly so, to the child's mind, on the present occasion; he was much more various than he was anything else. The fact that they were together in a shop, at a nice little intimate table, as they had so often been in London, only, besides, made greater the difference of what they were together about. This difference was in his face, in his voice, in every look he gave her and every movement he made. They were not the looks and the movements he really wanted to show, and she could feel as well that they were not those she herself wanted. She had seen him nervous, she had seen every one she had come in contact with nervous, but she had never seen him so nervous as this. Little by little it gave her a settled terror, a terror that partook of the coldness she had felt, just before, at the hotel, to find herself, on his answer about Mrs. Beale, disbelieve him. She seemed to see at present, to touch across the table, as if by laying her hand on it, what he had meant when he confessed, on those several occasions, to fear. Why was such a man so often afraid? It must have begun to come to her now that there was one thing just such a man, above all, could be afraid of. He could be afraid of himself. His fear, at all events, was there; his fear was sweet to her, beautiful and tender to her, was having coffee and buttered rolls, and talk and laughter that were no talk and laughter at all, with her; his fear was in his jesting, postponing, perverting voice; it was in just this make-believe way he had brought her out to imitate the old London playtimes, to imitate indeed a relation that had wholly changed, a relation that she had, with her very eyes, seen in the act of change when, the day before, in the *salon*, Mrs. Beale rose suddenly before her. She rose before her, for that matter, now, and even before their refreshment appeared Maisie arrived at the straight question for which, on their entrance, his first word had given opportunity. "Are we going to have *déjeuner* with Mrs. Beale?"

His reply was anything but straight. "You and I?"

Maisie sat back in her chair. "Mrs. Wix and me."

Sir Claude also shifted. "That's an inquiry, my dear child, that Mrs. Beale herself must answer." Yes, he had shifted; but abruptly, after a moment, during which something seemed to hang there between them, and, as it heavily swayed, just fan them with the air of its motion, she felt that the whole thing was upon them. "Do you mind," he broke

out, "my asking you what Mrs. Wix has said to you?"

"Said to me?"

"This day or two, while I was away."

"Do you mean about you and Mrs. Beale?"

Sir Claude, resting on his elbows, fixed his eyes a moment on the white marble beneath them. "No; I think we had a good deal of that—did n't we?—before I left you. It seems to me we had it pretty well all out. I mean about yourself, about your—do n't you know?—associating with us, as I might say, and staying on with us. While you were alone with our friend what did she say?"

Maisie felt the weight of the question; it kept her silent for a space, during which she looked at Sir Claude, whose eyes remained bent. "Nothing," she rejoined at last.

He looked up in surprise. "Nothing?"

"Nothing," Maisie repeated; on which an interruption descended in the form of a tray bearing the preparations for their breakfast.

These preparations were as amusing as everything else; the waiter poured their coffee from a vessel like a watering-pot, and then made it froth with the curved stream of hot milk that dropped from the height of his raised arm; but the two looked across at each other, through the whole play of French pleasantness, with a gravity that had now ceased to dissemble. Sir Claude sent the waiter off again for something, and then took up her answer. "Has n't she tried to affect you?"

Face to face with him thus it seemed to Maisie that she had tried so little as to be scarce worth mentioning; again, therefore, an instant, she shut herself up. Presently she found her middle course. "Mrs. Beale likes her now; and there's one thing I've found out—a great thing. Mrs. Wix enjoys her being so kind. She was tremendously kind all day yesterday."

"I see. And what did she do?" Sir Claude asked.

Maisie was now busy with her breakfast, and her companion attacked his own; so that it was all, in form at least, even more than their old sociability. "Everything she could think of. She was as nice to her as you are," the child said. "She talked to her all day."

"And what did she say to her?"

"Oh, I do n't know." Maisie was a little bewildered with his pressing her so for knowledge; it didn't fit into the degree of intimacy with Mrs. Beale that Mrs. Wix had so denounced and that, according to that lady, had now brought him back in bondage. Was n't he more aware than his step-daughter of what would be done by the person to whom he was bound? In a moment, however, she added: "She made love to her."

Sir Claude looked at her harder, and it was clearly something in her tone that made him quickly say: "You do n't mind my asking you, do you?"

"Not at all; only I should think you'd know better than I."

"What Mrs. Beale did yesterday?"

She thought he coloured a trifle; but almost simultaneously with that impression she found herself answering: "Yes—if you *have* seen her."

He broke into the loudest of laughs. "Why, my dear boy, I told you just now I've absolutely not. I say, don't you believe me?"

There was something she was already so afraid of that it covered up other fears. "Did n't you come back to see her?" she inquired in a moment. "Did n't you come back because you always want to so much?"

He received her inquiry as he had received her doubt—with an extraordinary absence of resentment. "I can imagine, of course, why you think that. But it does n't explain my doing what I have. It was, as I said to you just now at the inn, really and truly you I wanted to see."

She felt an instant as she used to feel when, in the back-garden at her mother's, she took from him the highest push of a swing—high, high, high—that he had had put there for her pleasure and that had finally broken down under the weight and the extravagant patronage of Susan Ash. "Well, that's beautiful. But to see me, you mean, and go away again?"

"My going away again is just the point. I can't tell yet—it all depends."

"On Mrs. Beale?" Maisie asked. "*She* won't go away." He finished emptying his coffee-cup, and then, when he had put it down, he leaned back in his chair and she could see that he smiled at her. This only added to her idea that he was in trouble, that he was turning, somehow, in his pain, and trying different things. He continued to smile, and she then went on: "Do n't you know that?"

"Yes, I may as well confess to you that as much as that I do know. *She* won't go away. She'll stay."

"She'll stay. She'll stay," Maisie repeated.

"Just so. Won't you have some more coffee?"

"Yes, please."

"And another buttered roll?"

"Yes, please."

He signed to the hovering waiter, who arrived with the shining spout of plenty in either hand, and with the friendliest interest in mademoiselle. "*Les tartines sont là.*" Their cups were replenished, and, while he watched almost musingly the bubbles in the fragrant mixture: "Just so—just so," Sir Claude said again and again. "It's awfully awkward!" he exclaimed when the waiter had gone.

"That she won't go?"

"Well—everything! Well, well, well!" But he pulled himself together; he began again to eat. "I came back to ask you something. That's what I came back for."

"I know what you want to ask me," Maisie said.

"Are you very sure?"

"I'm *almost* very."

"Well then, risk it. You must n't make *me* risk everything."

She was struck with the force of this. "You want to know if I should be happy with *them*."

"With those two ladies only? No, no, old man: *vous n'y êtes pas.* So now—there!" Sir Claude laughed.

"Well then, what is it?"

The next minute, instead of telling her what it was, he laid his hand across the table on her own and held her as if under the prompting of a thought.

"Mrs. Wix would stay with *her*?"

"Without you? Oh yes—now."

"On account, as you just intimated, of Mrs. Beale's changed manner?"

Maisie with her sense of responsibility, focussed both Mrs. Beale's changed manner and Mrs. Wix's human weakness. "I think she talked her over."

Sir Claude thought a moment. "Ah, poor dear!"

"Do you mean Mrs. Beale?"

"Oh no—Mrs. Wix."

"She likes being talked over—treated like any one else. Oh, she likes great politeness," Maisie expatiated. "It affects her very much."

Sir Claude, to her surprise, demurred a little to this. "Very much—up to a certain point."

"Oh, up to any point!" Maisie returned with emphasis.

"Well, have n't I been polite to her?"

"Lovely—and she perfectly worships you."

"Then, my dear child, why can't she let me alone?" and this time Sir Claude unmistakably blushed. Before Maisie, however, could answer his question, which would indeed have taken her long, he went on in another tone: "Mrs. Beale thinks she has probably quite broken her down. But she has n't."

Though he spoke as if he were sure, Maisie was strong in the impression she had just uttered and that she now again produced. "She has talked her over."

"Ah yes; over to herself, but not over to me."

Oh, she could n't bear to hear him say that! "To you? Do n't you really believe how she loves you?"

Sir Claude hesitated. "Of course, I know she's wonderful."

"She's just every bit as fond of you as I am," said Maisie. "She told me so yesterday."

"Ah then," he promptly exclaimed, "*she* has tried to affect you! I do n't love *her*, do n't you see? I do her perfect justice," he pursued, "but I mean I do n't love her as I do you, and I'm sure you would n't seriously expect it. She's not my daughter—come, old chap! She's not even my mother, though I daresay it would have been better

for me if she had been. I'll do for her what I'd do for my mother, but I won't do more." His real excitement broke out in a need to explain and justify himself, though he kept trying to correct and conceal it with laughs and mouthfuls and other vain familiarities. Suddenly he broke off, wiping his moustache with sharp pulls, and coming back to Mrs. Beale. "Did she try to talk *you* over?"

"No—to me she said very little. Very little indeed," Maisie continued.

Sir Claude seemed struck with this. "She was only sweet to Mrs. Wix?"

"As sweet as sugar!" cried Maisie.

He looked amused at her comparison, but he did not contest it; he uttered, on the contrary, in an assenting way, a little inarticulate sound. "I know what she *can* be. But much good may it have done her! Mrs. Wix won't come round. That's what makes it so fearfully awkward."

Maisie knew it was fearfully awkward; she had known this now, she felt, for some time, and there was something else it more pressingly concerned her to learn. "What is it that you meant you came over to ask me?"

"Well," said Sir Claude, "I was just going to say. Let me tell you it will surprise you." She had finished breakfast now and she sat back in her chair again; she waited in silence to hear. He had pushed the things before him a little way and had his elbows on the table. This time she was convinced, she knew what was coming, and once more, for the crash, as with Mrs. Wix lately, in their room, she held her breath and drew together her eyes. He was going to say that she must give him up. He looked hard at her again; then he made his effort. "Should you see your way to let her go?"

She was bewildered. "To let who——?"

"Mrs. Wix, simply. I put it at the worst. Should you see your way so sacrifice her? Of course I know what I'm asking."

Maisie's eyes opened wide again; this was so different from what she had expected. "And stay with you alone?"

He gave another push to his coffee-cup. "With me and Mrs. Beale. Of course it would be rather rum; but everything in our whole story is rather rum, you know. What is more unusual than for any one to be given up, like you, by her parents?"

"Oh, nothing is more unusual than *that*!" Maisie concurred, relieved at the contact of a proposition as to which concurrence could have lucidity.

"Of course it would be quite unconventional," Sir Claude went on—"I mean the little household we three should make together; 'but things have got beyond that, do n't you see? They got beyond that long ago. We shall stay abroad at any rate—it's ever so much easier, and it's our affair and nobody else's: it's no one's business but ours on all the blessed earth. I do n't say that for Mrs.

Wix, poor dear—I do her absolute justice. I respect her; I see what she means; she has done me a lot of good. But there are the facts. There they are, simply. And here am I, and here are you. And she won't come round. She's right, from her point of view. I'm talking to you in the most extraordinary way—I'm always talking to you in the most extraordinary way, ain't I? One would think you were about sixty, and that I—I do n't know what any one would think I am. Unless a beastly cad!" he subjoined. "I've been awfully worried, and this is what it has come to. You've done us the most tremendous good, and you'll do it still and always, do n't you see? We can't let you go—you're everything. There are the facts, as I say. She *is* your mother now, Mrs. Beale, by what has happened, and I, in the same way, I'm your father. No one can contradict that, and we can't get out of it. My idea would be a nice little place—somewhere in the South—where she and you would be together and as good as any one else. And I should be as good too, do n't you see? for I should n't live with you, but I should be close to you—just round the corner, and it would be just the same. My idea would be that it should all be perfectly open and frank. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, do n't you know? You're the best thing—you and what we can do for you—that either of us has ever known:" he came back to that. "When I say to her 'Give her up, come,' she lets me have it bang in the face. 'Give her up yourself!' It's the same old vicious circle—and when I say vicious I do n't mean a pun or what-d'-ye-call-'em. Mrs. Wix is the obstacle—I mean, you know, if she has affected you. She has affected *me*, and yet here I am. I never was in such a tight place: please believe it's only that that makes me put it to you as I do. My dear child, is n't that—to put it so—just the way out of it? That came to me yesterday, in London, after Mrs. Beale had gone: I had the most infernal, atrocious day. 'Go straight over and put it to her: let her choose, freely, her own self.' So I do, old girl—I put it to you. *Can* you choose, freely?"

This long address, slowly and brokenly uttered, with fidgets and falterings, with lapses and recoveries, with a mottled face and embarrassed but supplicating eyes, reached the child from a quarter so close that, after the shock of the first sharpness, she could see, intensely, its direction and follow it from point to point; all the more that it came back to the point at which it had started. There was a word that had hummed all through it. "Do you call it a 'sacrifice'?"

"Of Mrs. Wix? I'll call it whatever *you* call it. I won't funk it—I have n't, have I? I'll face it in all its baseness. Does it strike you it *is* base for me to get you well away from her, to smuggle you off here into a corner and bribe you with sophistries and buttered rolls to betray her?"

"To betray her?"

"Well—to part with her."

Maisie let the question wait; the concrete image it presented was the most vivid side of it. "If I part with her where will she go?"

"Back to London."

"But I mean what will she do?"

"Oh, as for that I won't pretend I know. I do n't. We all have our difficulties."

That, to Maisie, was at this moment more striking than it had ever been. "Then who will teach me?"

Sir Claude laughed out. "What Mrs. Wix teaches?"

Maisie smiled dimly; she saw what he meant. "It is n't very, very much."

"It's so very, very little," he rejoined, "that that's a thing we've positively to consider. We probably should n't give you another governess. To begin with, we should n't be able to get one—not of the only kind that would do. It would n't do—the kind that *would* do," he queerly enough explained. "I mean they would n't stay—heigh-ho! We'd do you ourselves. Particularly me. You see I *can* now; I have n't got to mind—what I used to. I won't fight shy as I did—she can show out *with* me. Our relation, all round, is more regular."

It seemed wonderfully regular, the way he put it; yet none the less, while she looked at it as judiciously as she could, the picture it made persisted somehow in being a combination quite distinct—an old woman and a little girl, seated in deep silence on a battered old bench by the rampart of the *baute ville*. It was just at that hour yesterday; they were hand in hand; they had melted together. "I do n't think you yet understand how she clings to you," Maisie said at last.

"I do—I do. But for all that—!" And he gave, turning in his conscious exposure, an oppressed, impatient sigh; the sigh, even his companion could recognize, of the man naturally accustomed to that argument, the man who wanted thoroughly to be reasonable, but who, if really he had to mind so many things, would be always impossibly hampered. What it came to indeed was that he understood quite perfectly. If Mrs. Wix clung, it was all the more reason for shaking off Mrs. Wix.

This vision of what she had brought him to occupied our young lady, while, to ask what he owed, he called the waiter and put down a gold piece that the man carried off for change. Sir Claude looked after him; then went on: "How could a woman have less to reproach a fellow with? I mean as regards herself."

Maisie entertained the question. "Yes. How *could* she have less? So why are you so sure she'll go?"

"Surely you heard why—you heard her come

out three nights ago? How can she do anything but go—after what she then said? I've done what she warned me of—she was absolutely right. So here we are. Her liking Mrs. Beale, as you call it, now, is a motive sufficient, with other things, to make her, for your sake, stay on without me; it's not a motive sufficient to make her, even for yours, stay on *with* me—swallow, in short, what she can't swallow. And when you say she's as fond of me as you are, I think I can, if that's the case, challenge you a little on it. Would *you*, only with those two, stay on without me?" The waiter came back with the change, and that gave her, under this appeal, a moment's respite. But when he had retreated again with the "tip" gathered in with graceful thanks, on a subtle hint from Sir Claude's forefinger, the latter, while he pocketed the money, followed the appeal up. "Would you let her make you live with Mrs. Beale?"

"Without you? Never," Maisie then answered. "Never," she said again.

It made him quite triumph, and she was indeed herself shaken by the mere sound of it. "So you see you're not, like her," he exclaimed, "so ready to give me away!" Then he came back to his original question. "*Can* you choose? I mean can you settle it, by a word, yourself? Will you stay on with us without her?"

Now, in truth, she felt the coldness of her terror, and it seemed to her that suddenly she knew, as she knew it about Sir Claude, what she was afraid of. She was afraid of herself. She looked at him in such a way that it brought, she could see, wonder into his face, a wonder held in check, however, by his frank pretension to play fair with her, not to use advantages, not to hurry nor hustle her—only to put her chance clearly and kindly before her. "May I think?" she finally asked.

"Certainly, certainly. But how long?"

"Oh, only a little while," she said meekly.

He had for a moment the air of wishing to look at it as if it were the most cheerful prospect in the world. "But what shall we do while you're thinking?" He spoke as if thought were compatible with almost any distraction.

There was but one thing Maisie wished to do, and after an instant she expressed it. "Have we got to go back to the hotel?"

"Do you want to?"

"Oh, no."

"There's not the least necessity for it." He bent his eyes on his watch; his face was now very grave. "We can do anything else in the world." He looked at her again almost as if he were on the point of saying that they might, for instance, start off for Paris. But even while she wondered if that were not coming, he had a sudden drop. "We can take a walk."

She was all ready, but he sat there as if he had still something more to say. This, too, however,

did n't come; so she herself spoke. "I think I should like to see Mrs. Wix first."

"Before you decide? All right—all right." He put on his hat, but he had still to light a cigarette. He smoked a minute, with his head thrown back, looking at the ceiling; then he said: "There's one thing to remember—I've a right to impress it on you: we stand absolutely in the place of your parents. It's their defection, their extraordinary baseness, that has made our responsibility. Never was a young person more directly committed and confided." He appeared to say this over at the ceiling, through his smoke, a little for his own illumination. It carried him, after a pause, somewhat farther. "Though, I admit, it was to each of us separately."

He gave her so, at that moment, and in that attitude, the sense of wanting, as it were, to be on her side—on the side of what would be in every way most right and wise and charming for her—that she felt a sudden desire to show herself as not less delicate and magnanimous, not less solicitous for his own interests. What were these but that of the "regularity" he had just spoken of? "It *was* to each of you separately," she accordingly, with much earnestness, remarked; "but—do n't you remember?—I brought you together."

He jumped up with a delighted laugh. "You brought us together, you brought us together. Come!"

XXX

She remained out with him, for a time of which she could take no measure save that it was too short for what she wished to make of it—an interval, a barrier, indefinite, insurmountable. They walked about, they dawdled, they looked in shop windows; they did all the old things exactly as if to try to get back all the old safety, to get something out of them that they had always got before. This had come before, whatever it was, without their trying, and nothing came now but the intenser consciousness of their quest and their subterfuge. The strangest thing of all was what had really happened to the old safety. What had really happened was that Sir Claude was "free" and that Mrs. Beale was "free," and yet that the new medium was somehow still more oppressive than the old. She could feel that Sir Claude concurred with her in the sense that the oppression would be worst at the inn, where, till something should be settled, they would feel the want of something—of what could they call it but a footing? The question of the settlement loomed larger to her now; it depended, she had learned, so completely on herself. Her choice, as her friend had called it, was there before her like an impossible sum on a slate, a sum that, in spite of her plea for consideration, she simply got off from doing while she walked about with him. She must see Mrs. Wix before she could do her sum; therefore, the

longer before she saw her the more distant would be the ordeal. She met at present no demand whatever of her obligation; she simply plunged, to avoid it, deeper into the company of Sir Claude. She saw nothing that she had seen hitherto—no touch in the foreign picture that had at first been always before her. The only touch was that of Sir Claude's hand, and to feel her own in it was her mute resistance to time. She went about as sightlessly as if he had been leading her blindfold. If they were afraid of themselves it was themselves they would find at the inn. She was certain now that what awaited them there would be to lunch with Mrs. Beale. All her instinct was to avoid that, to draw out their walk, to find pretexts, to take him down upon the sands, to take him to the end of the pier. He said not another word to her about what they had talked of at breakfast, and she had a dim vision of how his way of not letting her see that he was waiting for anything from her would make any one who should know of it, would make Mrs. Wix, for instance, think him more than ever a gentleman. It was true that once or twice, on the jetty, on the sands, he looked at her for an instant with eyes that seemed to propose to her to come straight off with him to Paris. That, however, was not to give her a nudge about her responsibility. He evidently wanted to procrastinate quite as much as she did; he was not a bit more in a hurry to get back to the others. Maisie, herself, at this moment, could be secretly merciless to Mrs. Wix—to the extent, at any rate, of not caring if her continued disappearance did make that lady begin to worry about what had become of her, even begin to wonder, perhaps, if the truants had n't found their remedy. Her want of mercy to Mrs. Beale, indeed, was at least as great; for Mrs. Beale's worry and wonder would be as much greater as the object to which they were directed. When at last Sir Claude, at the far end of the *plage*, which they had already, in the many-coloured crowd, once traversed, suddenly, with a look at his watch, remarked that it was time, not to get back to the *table d'hôte*, but to get over to the station and meet the Paris papers—when he did this she found herself thinking, quite with intensity, what Mrs. Beale and Mrs. Wix *would* say. On the way over to the station she had even a mental picture of the stepfather and the pupil established in a little place in the South, while the governess and the stepmother, in a little place in the North, remained linked by a community of blankness and by the endless theme of intercourse it would afford. The Paris papers had come in, and her companion, with a strange extravagance, bought no less of them than nine: it took up time while they hovered at the book-stall on the restless platform, where the little volumes in a row were all yellow and pink, and one of her favourite old women, in one of her favourite old caps, absolutely wheedled him into the purchase of three. They had thus so much to carry home that

it would have seemed simpler, with such a provision for a nice straight journey through France, just to "nip," as she phrased it to herself, into the *coupé* of the train that, a little farther along, stood waiting to start. She asked Sir Claude where it was going.

"To Paris. Fancy!"

She could fancy well enough. They stood there and smiled, he with all the newspapers under his arm, and she with the three books, one yellow and two pink. He had told her the pink were for herself and the yellow one for Mrs. Beale, implying, in an interesting way, that these were the vivid divisions, in France, of literature for the young and for the old. She knew that they looked exactly as if they were going to get into the train, and she presently brought out to her companion: "I wish we could go. Won't you take me?"

He continued to smile. "Would you really come?"

"Oh yes, oh yes. Try."

"Do you want me to take our tickets?"

"Yes, take them."

"Without any luggage?"

She showed their two armfuls, smiling at him as he smiled at her, but so conscious of being more frightened than she had ever been in her life that she seemed to see in her own whiteness as in a glass. Then she knew that what she saw was Sir Claude's whiteness: he was as frightened as herself. "Have n't we got plenty?" she asked. "Take the tickets—have n't you time? When does the train go?"

Sir Claude turned to a porter. "When does the train go?"

The man looked up at the station clock. "In two minutes. *Monsieur est placé?*"

"*Pas encore.*"

"*Vous n'avez que le temps.*" Then, after a look at Maisie, "*Monsieur veut-il que je les prenne?*" the man inquired.

Sir Claude turned back to her. "*Veux-tu bien qu'il en prenne?*"

It was the most extraordinary thing in the world: in the intensity of her excitement she not only, by illumination, understood all their French, but fell into it with an active perfection. She addressed herself straight to the porter. "*Prenny, Prenny. Ob Prenny!*"

"*Ab, si mademoiselle le veut—!*" He waited there for the money.

But Sir Claude only stared—stared at her with his white face. "You have chosen then? You'll let her go?"

Maisie carried her eyes wistfully to the train, where, amid cries of "*En voiture, en voiture!*" heads were at windows and doors were banging loud. The porter was pressing. "*Ob, vous n'avez plus le temps!*"

"It's going—it's going!" cried Maisie.

They watched it move, they watched it start;

then the man went his way with a shrug. "It's gone!" Sir Claude said.

Maisie crept some distance up the platform; she stood there with her back to her companion, following it with her eyes, keeping down tears, nursing her pink and yellow books. She had had a real fright, but had fallen back to earth. The odd thing was that in her fall her fear too had been dashed down and broken. It was gone. She looked round at last, from where she had paused, at Sir Claude's, and then she saw that his was not. It sat there with him on the bench to which, against the wall of the station, he had retreated, and where, leaning back and, as she thought, rather queer, he still waited. She came down to him, and he continued to offer his ineffectual intention of pleasantry. "Yes, I've chosen," she said to him. "I'll let her go if you—if you——"

She faltered; he quickly took her up. "If I, if I——?"

"If you'll give up Mrs. Beale."

"Oh!" he exclaimed; on which she saw how much, how hopelessly he was afraid. She had supposed at the café that it was of his rebellion, of his gathering motive; but how could that be when his temptations—that temptation, for instance, of the train they had just lost—were, after all, so small? Mrs. Wix was right. He was afraid of his weakness—of his weakness.

She could not have told you afterwards how they got back to the inn: she could only have told you that even from this point they had not gone straight, but once more had wandered and loitered and, in the course of it, had found themselves on the edge of the quay, where—still, apparently, with half an hour to spare—the boat prepared for Folkestone was drawn up. Here they hovered as they had done at the station; here they exchanged silences again, but only exchanged silences. There were punctual people on the deck, choosing places, taking the best; some of them already contented, all established and shawled, facing to England and attended by the steward, who, confined on such a day to the lighter offices, tucked up the ladies' feet or opened bottles with a pop. They looked down at these things without a word; they even picked out a good place for two that was left in the lee of a lifeboat; and if they lingered rather stupidly, neither deciding to go aboard nor deciding to come away, it was, quite as much as she, Sir Claude who would n't move. It was Sir Claude who cultivated the supreme stillness by which she knew best what he meant. He simply meant that he knew all she herself meant. But there was no pretence of pleasantry now: their faces were grave and tired. When at last they lounged off it was as if his fear, his fear of his weakness, leaned upon her heavily as they followed the harbour. In the hall of the hotel, as they passed in, she saw a battered old box that she recognised, an ancient receptacle with dangling labels that she knew

and a big painted W, lately done over and intensely personal, that seemed to stare at her with a recognition, and even with some suspicion, of its own. Sir Claude caught it too, and there was agitation for both of them in the sight of this object on the move. Was Mrs. Wix going, and was the responsibility of giving her up lifted, at a touch, from her pupil? Her pupil and her pupil's companion, transfixed a moment, held, in the presence of the omen, communication more intense than in the presence either of the Paris train or of the Channel steamer; then, and still without a word, they went straight upstairs. There, however, on the landing, out of sight of the people below, they collapsed so that they had to sink down together for support: they simply seated themselves on the uppermost step while Sir Claude grasped the hand of his stepdaughter with a pressure that, at another moment, would probably have made her squeal. Their books and papers were all scattered. "She thinks you've given her up!"

"Then I must see her — I must see her," Maisie said.

"To bid her good-bye?"

"I must see her — I must see her," the child only repeated.

They sat a minute longer, Sir Claude with his tight grip of her hand and looking away from her, looking straight down the staircase to where, round the turn, electric bells rattled and the pleasant sea-draught blew. At last, loosening his grasp, he slowly got up while she did the same. They went together along the lobby, but before he reached the *salon* he stopped again. "If I give up Mrs. Beale —?"

"I'll go straight out with you again and not come back till she has gone."

He seemed to wonder. "Till Mrs. Beale —?"

He had made it sound like a bad joke. "I mean till Mrs. Wix leaves — in that boat."

Sir Claude looked almost foolish. "Is she going in that boat?"

"I suppose so. I won't even bid her good-bye," Maisie continued; "I'll stay out till the boat has gone. I'll go up to the old rampart."

"The old rampart?"

"I'll sit on that old bench where you see the gold Virgin."

"The gold Virgin?" he vaguely echoed. But it brought his eyes back to her, as if, after an instant, he could see the place and the thing she named — could see her sitting there alone. "While I break with Mrs. Beale?"

"While you break with Mrs. Beale."

He gave a long, deep, smothered sigh. "I must see her first."

"You won't do as I do? Go out and wait?"

"Wait?" — once more he appeared at a loss.

"Till they both have gone," Maisie said.

"Giving *us* up?"

"Giving *us* up."

Oh, with what a face, for an instant, he won-

dered if that could be! But his wonder, the next moment, only made him go to the door and, with his hand on the knob, stand as if listening to voices. Maisie listened; but she heard none. All she heard, presently, was Sir Claude's saying, with speculation quite averted, but so as not to be heard in the *salon*: "Mrs. Beale will never go." On this he pushed open the door, and she went in with him. The *salon* was empty, but, as an effect of their entrance, the lady he had just mentioned appeared at the door of the bedroom. "Is she going?" he then demanded.

Mrs. Beale came forward, closing her door behind her. "I've had the most extraordinary scene with her. She told me yesterday she'd stay."

"And my arrival has altered it?"

"Oh, we took that into account!" Mrs. Beale was flushed, which was never quite becoming to her, and her face visibly testified to the encounter to which she alluded. Evidently, however, she had not been worsted, and she held up her head and smiled and rubbed her hands as if in sudden emulation of the *patronne*. "She promised she'd stay even if you should come."

"Then why has she changed?"

"Because she's an idiot. The reason she herself gives is that you've been out too long."

Sir Claude stared. "What has that to do with it?"

"You've been out an age," Mrs. Beale continued; "I myself could n't imagine what had become of you. The whole morning," she exclaimed, "and luncheon long since over!"

Sir Claude appeared indifferent to that. "Did Mrs. Wix go down with you?" he only asked.

"Not she; she never budged!" — and Mrs. Beale's flush, to Maisie's vision, deepened. "She moped there — she did n't so much as come out to me; and when I sent to invite her she simply declined to appear. She said she wanted nothing, and I went down alone. But when I came up, fortunately a little primed" — and Mrs. Beale smiled a fine smile of battle — "she *was* in the field!"

"And you had a big row?"

"We had a big row" — she assented with a frankness as large. "And while you left me to that sort of thing, I should like to know where you were!" She paused for a reply, but Sir Claude merely looked at Maisie; a movement that promptly quickened her challenge. "Where the mischief have you been?"

"You seem to take it as hard as Mrs. Wix," Sir Claude returned.

"I take it as I choose to take it, and you do n't answer my questions."

He looked again at Maisie, and as if for an aid to this effort; whereupon she smiled at her stepmother and offered: "We've been everywhere."

Mrs. Beale, however, made no response, thereby

adding to a surprise of which our young lady had already felt the light brush. She had received neither a greeting nor a glance, but perhaps this was not more remarkable than the omission, in respect to Sir Claude, parted with in London two days before, of any sign of a sense of their reunion. Most remarkable of all was Mrs. Beale's announcement of the pledge given by Mrs. Wix and not hitherto revealed to her pupil. Instead of heeding this witness she went on with acerbity: "It might surely have occurred to you that something would come up."

Sir Claude looked at his watch. "I had no idea it was so late, nor that we had been out so long. We were n't hungry. It passed like a flash. What has come up?"

"Oh, that she's disgusted," said Mrs. Beale.

"Disgusted? With whom?"

"With Maisie." Even now she never looked at the child, who stood there equally associated and disconnected. "For having no moral sense."

"How *should* she have?" Sir Claude tried again to shine a little at the companion of his walk. "How, at any rate, is it proved by her going out with me?"

"Do n't ask *me*; ask that woman. She drivels when she does n't rage," Mrs. Beale declared.

"And she leaves the child?"

"She leaves the child," said Mrs. Beale with great emphasis and looking more than ever over Maisie's head.

In this position suddenly a change came into her face, caused, as the others could, the next thing, see, by the reappearance of Mrs. Wix in the doorway which, on coming in at Sir Claude's heels, Maisie had left gaping. "I do n't leave the child—I do n't, I do n't!" she proclaimed from the threshold, advancing upon the opposed three, but addressing herself directly to Maisie. She was girded, she was positively exalted, for departure, arrayed as she had been arrayed on her advent, and armed with a small, fat, rusty reticule which, almost in the manner of a battle-axe, she brandished in support of her words. She had clearly come straight from her room, where Maisie in an instant guessed she had directed the removal of her minor effects. "I do n't leave you till I've given you another chance: will you come *with* me?"

Maisie turned to Sir Claude, who struck her as having been removed to a distance of about a mile. To Mrs. Beale she turned no more than Mrs. Beale had turned: she felt as if, already, their difference had been disclosed. What had come out about that in the scene between the two women? Enough came out now, at all events, as she put it, practically to her stepfather. "Will *you* come? Won't you?" she inquired as if she had not already seen that she should have to give him up. It was the last flare of her dream; by this time she was afraid of nothing.

"I should think you'd be too proud to ask?" Mrs. Wix interposed. Mrs. Wix was herself conspicuously too proud.

But at the child's words Mrs. Beale had fairly bounded. "Come away from *me*, Maisie?" It was a wail of dismay and reproach, in which her stepdaughter was astonished to read that she had no hostile consciousness, and that, if she had been so actively grand, it was not from suspicion, but from strange entanglements of modesty.

Sir Claude presented to Mrs. Beale an expression positively sick. "Do n't put it to her *that* way!" There had indeed been something in Mrs. Beale's tone, and for a moment our young lady was reminded of the old days in which so many of her friends had been "compromised."

This friend blushed—it was before Mrs. Wix; and though she bridled she took the hint. "No—it is n't the way." Then she showed she knew the way. "Do n't be a still bigger fool, dear, but go straight to your room and wait there till I can come to you."

Maisie made no motion to obey, but Mrs. Wix raised a hand that forestalled every evasion. "Do n't move till you've heard me. I'm going, but I must first understand. Have you lost it again?"

Maisie surveyed, for the idea of a particular loss, the immensity of space. Then she replied lamely enough: "I feel as if I had lost everything."

Mrs. Wix looked dark. "Do you mean to say you *have* lost what we found together, with so much difficulty, two days ago?" As her pupil failed of response, she continued: "Do you mean to say you've already forgotten what we found together?"

Maisie dimly remembered. "My moral sense?"

"Your moral sense. *Have n't* I, after all, brought it out?" She spoke as she had never spoken even in the schoolroom and with the book in her hand.

It brought back to the child's recollection of how sometimes she could n't repeat on Friday the sentence that had been glib on Wednesday, and she thought with conscious stupidity of the mystery on which she was now pulled up. Sir Claude and Mrs. Beale stood there like visitors at an "exam." She had, indeed, an instant, a whiff of the faint flower that Mrs. Wix pretended to have plucked and now, with such a peremptory hand, passed under her nose. Then it left her, and, as if she were sinking with a slip from a foothold, her arms made a short jerk. What this jerk represented was the spasm, within her, of something still deeper than a moral sense. She looked at her examiner; she looked at the visitors; she felt the rising of the tears she had kept down at the station. The only thing was the old flat, shameful schoolroom plea, "I do n't know—I do n't know."

"Then you've lost it." Mrs. Wix seemed to close the book as she fixed the straighteners on Sir

Claude. "You've nipped it in the bud. You've killed it when it had begun to live."

She was a newer Mrs. Wix than ever, a Mrs. Wix high and great; but Sir Claude was not after all to be treated as a little boy with a missed lesson. "I've not killed anything," he said; "on the contrary I think I've produced life. I don't know what to call it—I have n't even known how decently to deal with it, to approach it; but, whatever it is, it's the most beautiful thing I've ever met—it's exquisite, it's sacred." He had his hands in his pockets, and, though a trace of the sickness he had just shown still perhaps lingered there, his face bent itself with extraordinary gentleness on both the friends he was about to lose. "Do you know what I came back for?" he asked of the elder.

"I think I do!" cried Mrs. Wix, surprisingly unmollified, and with a crimson on her brow that was like a wave of colour reflected from the luridness lately enacted with Mrs. Beale. That lady, as if a little besprinkled by such turns of the tide, uttered a loud, inarticulate protest, and, averting herself, stood a moment at the window.

"I came back with a proposal," said Sir Claude.

"To me?" Mrs. Wix asked.

"To Maisie. That she should give you up."

"And does she?"

Sir Claude wavered. "Tell her!" he then exclaimed to the child, also turning away as if to give her the chance. But Mrs. Wix and her pupil stood confronted in silence, Maisie whiter than ever—more awkward, more rigid, and yet more dumb. They looked at each other hard, and as nothing came from them Sir Claude faced about again. "You won't tell her?—you can't?" Still she said nothing: whereupon, addressing Mrs. Wix, he broke into a kind of ecstasy. "She refused—she refused!"

Maisie, at this, found her voice. "I did n't refuse. I did n't," she repeated.

"It brought Mrs. Beale straight back to her. "You accepted, angel—you accepted!" She threw herself upon the child and, before Maisie could resist, had sunk with her upon the sofa, possessed of her, encircling her. "You've given her up already, you've given her up forever, and you're ours and ours only now, and the sooner she's off the better!"

Maisie had shut her eyes, but at a word of Sir Claude's they opened. "Let her go!" he said to Mrs. Beale.

"Never, never, never!" cried Mrs. Beale. Maisie felt herself more embraced.

"Let her go!" Sir Claude more intensely repeated. He was looking at Mrs. Beale, and there was something in his voice. Maisie knew, from a loosening of arms, that she had become conscious of what it was; she slowly rose from the sofa, and the child stood there again, dropped and divided. "You're free—you're free," Sir Claude went on; at which Maisie's back became aware of a push

that vented resentment, and that placed her again in the center of the room, the cynosure of every eye, and not knowing which way to turn.

She turned with an effort to Mrs. Wix. "I did n't refuse to give you up. I said I would if *be'd* give up."

"Give up Mrs. Beale?" burst from Mrs. Wix.

"Give up Mrs. Beale. What do you call that but exquisite?" Sir Claude demanded of all of them, the lady mentioned included; speaking with a relish as intense, now, as if some lovely work of art or of nature had suddenly been set down among them. He was rapidly recovering himself on this basis of fine appreciation. "She made her condition—with such a sense of what it should be! She made the only right one."

"The only right one?"—Mrs. Beale returned to the charge. She had taken, a moment before, a check from him, but she was not to be checked on this. "How can you talk such rubbish, and how can you back her up in such impertinence? What in the world have you done to her to make her think of such stuff?" She stood there in righteous wrath; she flashed her eyes round the circle. Maisie took them full in her own, knowing that here, at last, was the moment she had had most to reckon with. But, as regards her stepdaughter, Mrs. Beale subdued herself to an inquiry deeply mild. "Have you made, my own love, any such condition as that?"

Somehow, now that it was there, the great moment was not so bad. What helped the child was that she knew what she wanted. All her learning and learning had made her at last learn that; so that if she waited an instant to reply it was only from the desire to be nice. Bewilderment had simply gone, or at any rate was going fast. Finally she answered: "Will you give *him* up? Will you?"

"Ah, leave her alone—leave her, leave her!" Sir Claude, in sudden supplication, murmured to Mrs. Beale.

Mrs. Wix, at the same instant, found another apostrophe. "Is n't it enough for you, madam, to have brought her to discussing your relations?"

Mrs. Beale left Sir Claude unheeded, but Mrs. Wix could make her flame. "My relations? What do you know, you hideous creature, about my relations, and what business on earth have you to speak of them? Leave the room this instant, you horrible old woman!"

"I think you had better go—you must really catch your boat," Sir Claude said distressfully to Mrs. Wix. He was out of it now, or wanted to be; he knew the worst and had accepted it; what now concerned him was to prevent, to dissipate vulgarities. "Won't you go—won't you just get off quickly?"

"With the child as quickly as you like. Not without her." Mrs. Wix was adamant.

"Then why did you lie to me, you fiend?" Mrs. Beale almost yelled. "Why did you tell me an hour ago that you had given her up?"

"Because I despaired of her—because I thought she had left me." Mrs. Wix turned to Maisie. "You were *with* them—in their connection. But now your eyes are open, and I take you!"

"No you do n't!" and Mrs. Beale made, with a great fierce jump, a wild snatch at her stepdaughter. She caught her by the arm and, completing an instinctive movement, whirled her round in a further leap to the door, which had been closed by Sir Claude the instant their voices had risen. She fell back against it and, even while denouncing and waving off Mrs. Wix, kept it closed in an incoherence of passion. "You do n't take her, but you bundle yourself; she stays with her own people and she's rid of you! I never heard anything so monstrous!" Sir Claude had rescued Maisie and kept hold of her; he held her in front of him, resting his hands very lightly on her shoulders and facing the loud adversaries. Mrs. Beale's flush had dropped; she had turned pale with a splendid wrath. She kept protesting and dismissing Mrs. Wix; she pressed her back to the door to prevent Maisie's flight; she drove out Mrs. Wix by the window or the chimney. "You're a nice one—'discussing relations'—with your talk of our 'connection' and your insults! What in the world is our connection but the love of the child, who is our duty and our life, and who holds us together as closely as she originally brought us?"

"I know, I know!" Maisie said with a burst of eagerness. "I did bring you."

The strangest of laughs escaped from Sir Claude. "You did bring us—you did!" His hands went up and down gently on her shoulders.

Mrs. Wix so dominated the situation that she had something sharp for every one. "There you have it, you see!" she pregnantly remarked to her pupil.

"*Will* you give him up?" Maisie persisted to Mrs. Beale.

"To *you*, you abominable little horror?" that lady indignantly inquired, "and to this ignorant old idiot who has filled your dreadful little mind with her wickedness? Have you been a hideous little hypocrite all these years that I've slaved to make you love me, and deludedly believed that you did?"

"I love Sir Claude—I love *him*," Maisie replied with a sense, slightly rueful and embarrassed, that she appeared to offer it as something that would do as well. Sir Claude had continued to pat her, and it was really an answer to his pats.

"She hates you—she hates you," he observed with the oddest quietness to Mrs. Beale.

His quietness made her blaze. "And you back her up in it and give me up to outrage?"

"No; I only insist that she's free—she's free."

Mrs. Beale stared—Mrs. Beale glared. "Free to starve with this pauper lunatic?"

"I'll do more for her than *you* ever did!" Mrs. Wix cried. "I'll work my fingers to the bone."

Maisie, with Sir Claude's hands still on her shoulders, felt, just as she felt the fine surrender in them, that, over her head, he looked in a certain way at Mrs. Wix. "You need n't do that," she heard him say; "she has means."

"Means?—Maisie?" Mrs. Beale shrieked. "Means that her vile father has stolen!"

"I'll get them back—I'll get them back; I'll look into it." He smiled and nodded at Mrs. Wix.

This had a fearful effect on his other friend. "Have n't I looked into it, I should like to know, and have n't I found—an abyss? It's too inconceivable, your cruelty to me!" she wildly broke out. She had hot tears in her eyes.

He spoke to her very kindly, almost coaxingly. "We'll look into it again; we'll look into it together. It *is* an abyss, but he *can* be made—or *Ida* can! Think of the money they're getting now!" he laughed. "It's all right, it's all right," he continued. "It would n't do—it would n't do. We *can't* work her in. It's perfectly true—she's unique. We're not good enough—oh no!" and, quite exuberantly, he laughed again.

"Not good enough, and that beast *is*?" Mrs. Beale shouted.

At this, for a moment, there was a hush in the room, and in the midst of it Sir Claude replied to the question by moving with Maisie to Mrs. Wix. The next thing the child knew she was at that lady's side with an arm firmly grasped. Mrs. Beale still guarded the door. "Let them pass," said Sir Claude at last.

She remained there, however; Maisie saw the pair look at each other. Then she saw Mrs. Beale turn to her. "I'm your mother now, Maisie. And he's your father."

"That's just where it is!" sighed Mrs. Wix with an effect of irony positively detached and philosophic.

Mrs. Beale continued to address her young friend, and her effort to be reasonable and tender was, in its way remarkable. "We're representative, you know, of Mr. Farange and his former wife. This person represents mere illiterate presumption. We take our stand on the law."

"Oh the law, the law!" Mrs. Wix superbly jeered. "You had better indeed let the law have a look at you!"

"Let them pass—let them pass!" Sir Claude pressed his friend—he pleaded.

But she fastened herself still to Maisie. "*Do* you hate me, dearest?"

Maisie looked at her with new eyes, but answered as she had answered before. "Will you give him up?"

Mrs. Beale's rejoinder hung fire, but when it came it was noble. "You should n't talk to me of such things!" She was shocked to tears.

For Mrs. Wix, however, it was her resentment that was shocking. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she roundly declared.

Sir Claude made a supreme appeal. "Will you be so good as to allow these horrors to terminate?"

Mrs. Beale fixed her eyes on him, and again Maisie watched them. "You should do him justice," Mrs. Wix went on to Mrs. Beale. "We've always been devoted to him, Maisie and I—and he has shown how much he likes us. He would like to please her; he would like even, I think, to please me. But he has n't given you up."

They stood confronted, the step-parents, still under Maisie's observation. That observation had never sunk so deep as at this particular moment. "Yes, my dear, I have n't given you up," Sir Claude said at last, "and if you'd like me to treat our friends here as solemn witnesses I do n't mind giving you my word for it that I never, never will. There!" he dauntlessly exclaimed.

"He can't!" Mrs. Wix as distinctly commented.

Mrs. Beale, erect and alive in her defeat, jerked her handsome face about. "He can't!" she literally mocked.

"He can't, he can't, he can't!" Sir Claude's gay emphasis wonderfully carried it off.

Mrs. Beale took it all in, yet she held her ground, on which Maisie addressed Mrs. Wix. "Shan't we lose the boat?"

"Yes, we shall lose the boat," Mrs. Wix remarked to Sir Claude.

Mrs. Beale meanwhile faced full at Maisie. "I do n't know what to make of you!" she launched.

"Good-bye," said Maisie to Sir Claude.

"Good-bye, Maisie," Sir Claude answered.

Mrs. Beale came away from the door. "Good-bye!" she hurled at Maisie; then passed straight across the room and disappeared in the adjoining one.

Sir Claude had reached the door and opened it. Mrs. Wix was already out. On the threshold Maisie paused; she put out her hand to her step-father. He took it and held it a moment, and their eyes met as the eyes of those who have done for each other what they can. "Good-bye," he repeated.

"Good-bye." And Maisie followed Mrs. Wix.

They caught the steamer, which was just putting off, and, hustled across the gulf, found themselves on the deck so breathless and so scared that they gave up half the voyage to letting their emotion sink. It sank slowly and imperfectly; but at last, in mid-channel, surrounded by the quiet sea, Mrs. Wix had courage to revert. "I did n't look back, did you?"

"Yes. He was n't there," said Maisie.

"Not on the balcony?"

Maisie waited a moment; then, "He was n't there," she simply said again.

Mrs. Wix also was silent a while. "He went to *her*," she finally observed.

"Oh, I know!" the child replied.

Mrs. Wix gave a sidelong look. She still had room for wonder at what Maisie knew.

THE END.

REVIEWS

BEHIND THE SCENES—AT WINDSOR

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE QUEEN.—By a Member of the Royal Household. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

HOWEVER it may be in England, in this country at least very few persons have anything more than the meagerest knowledge of the private life of Queen Victoria. It is, therefore, good to come on a volume "by a member of the Royal Household," which tells most of the things one desires to know, and at the same time gives a picture of Her Majesty at close range which is remarkably satisfactory. In some respects the book is an extremely silly one; it is written from an almost groveling point of view—in fashionably ungrammatical English. It is filled with the tritest anecdotes of Her Majesty which, so far from illustrating, as they are supposed to do, the breadth of mind, the early formation of character, and other features of the Queen's life, only serve by their inanity to discredit the author's judgment altogether. Besides this, there is an amateurish superabundance of superlative adjectives. Every quality of mind or body of the Queen is hailed as "infinite," "indescribable," "most remarkable," or "most magnificent." We are told that the Queen was "the best dancer in her kingdom," "a wonderful horsewoman." If she "had been destined by Fate to write in lieu of ruling, she must have left a great mark on the literature of the country." And so on. Many of the statements may be true, and the knowledge of the Queen we gain from the book certainly tends toward a great admiration for her. Yet the perpetual use of superlatives only wearies the reader.

The book is written by a person, presumably a woman, whose intimate connection with the royal household, if not with the Queen herself, may not for a moment be doubted. The description of the Queen and her private life is illuminating in the extreme.

"If you are a student of photographs or portraits of the Queen, you will have great difficulty in recognizing her in conversation. All I have ever seen are very far from doing her justice, for not only does she not photograph well, but her face in repose is very different from when she commences to talk. The kind, sad eyes light up, the nostrils distend, the cheeks glow, the curves of the mouth

turn up in smiles and display a very pretty and complete set of teeth in one so old, and the voice, instead of being husky, as might be expected, is singularly soft and retains much of that pretty singing voice which the great Lablache cultivated and Mendelssohn praised so highly."

"The Queen is a singularly good talker. Not only is she well read in history, biography, and fiction, and speaks five languages fluently, besides being a very fair Latin and Hindostani scholar, but there is scarcely a picture or an artist of any note in the world with whom and with whose works she is not intimately familiar, and she possesses an appreciative and practical acquaintance with the works of all the great composers. . . . She is gifted with a marvelous memory, which she has cultivated and preserved most carefully, not only for faces and facts, but for all the little interesting characteristics which are the salt of good table talk. . . . Besides this she has a very pretty wit of her own and an enormous appreciation of any fun, far from being blasée. She is the first to suggest and applaud anything which would give pleasure in ordinary good society."

"There is nothing to be gained by misrepresentation, and therefore there is nothing ungracious in saying plainly that the Queen is very short, but this is only a first impression, for her manners and bearing, in some unaccountable way, give her height. . . . Though she has almost every female foible which a well-bred lady might in truth and without detriment be said to possess, she leaves a distinct impression upon those who have an opportunity of studying her, that she is something more than a merely good, kind old lady. . . . One is inclined to call her a genius without being quite able to fix upon any particular quality in which to say lies her especial talent, unless, indeed, . . . I accept Carlyle's definition of genius as 'a capacity for hard work.' This capacity Her Majesty possesses to a very large extent."

The Queen's really unusual accomplishments, her great skill and economy in the control of her personal fortune and affairs, her realization of the dignity of her position, the wise supervision and yet the strict etiquette of her court, are treated adequately and well. In the more domestic details of her life she is "extremely fanciful and particular"; about her own clothes she has never shown "any particular taste." Her passion for being photographed and painted, her loathing of cats, her insistence on a cleric's preaching in a black gown without surplice, her fancy for wax candles and antipathy to electric lights and gas—these are some of the characteristics which go to make the picture complete.

An anecdote about Dickens, presumably now printed for the first time, is especially interesting. "The great author, while still early in his career, conceived the most passionate attachment for Her Majesty, the girlish beauty which she retained un-

impaired for very many years after her marriage and her sweet grace having made the deepest impression on him. He went everywhere where he was likely to be able to see her, and in a most touching letter to Mr. Thompson, then a light in literary circles and the father of Mrs. Alice Meynell and the well-known artist, Lady Butler, he poured out his love for the Queen, not as his sovereign but as a woman. In this same letter he described how he had spent days and weeks in the neighborhood of Windsor, hiding among the trees in the park and lounging about her favorite drives, that he might sometimes catch a glimpse of her."

The story goes on to say in the most heartless and unsentimental manner, "The Queen once saw Dickens act at a charity performance, and one of her pet Skye-terriers was named 'Boz.'"

The origin of the greater portion of the Queen's wealth is a very romantic story. On the 30th August, 1852, there died a penurious old gentleman of seventy-two. John Camden Nield was the son of a goldsmith who had executed work for George III and kept a shop in St. James's Street. The old jeweler was, in his way, a great philanthropist, and emulated Howard in his attempt to ameliorate the condition of those poor wretches who languished in Her Majesty's prison. He sent his son to Trinity College, Cambridge, and the bar, and at his death left him £250,000. This great sum John Camden Nield saved and invested, living himself in a most miserly fashion. When his will was opened, it was found that, with the exception of a few legacies, he had left his fortune of £500,000 to "Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, begging Her Majesty's most gracious acceptance of the same for Her Majesty's sole use and benefit and that of her heirs." The Queen sought out Nield's relations and gave them £1,000 each and raised a monument to his memory.

MAID AND BOOK

PATRINS. TO WHICH IS ADDED AN INQUIRENDO INTO THE WIT AND OTHER GOOD PARTS OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING CHARLES THE SECOND.—By Louise Imogen Guiney. 16mo. Copeland & Day, Boston. \$1.25.

THESE *Patrins* are "handfuls of leaves or grass" cast by a gypsy on the road, to denote to those behind the way she has taken. The gypsy is an inveterate mouser in libraries, to whom the essay is a joy, and one that is communicated to those who follow her from a distance, breathlessly glad that their guide knows all the squirrel-tracks in the forest.

There is the note of inconsequential whimsicality in the very titles of these papers, ranging from *A Bitter Complaint of the Ungentle Reader, On the Ethics of Descent, On the Rabid versus the Harmless Scholar, to Teaching One's Grandmother How to*

Suck Eggs. Yet the patruns, and the disquisition added thereto on Charles II, have a singular and agreeable unity, in that the essayist finds her inspiration either in her subject or the novelty of her point of view. This is a distinction, when so many eyes are enamored of their own seeing, and so many minds are not distressed with their own vacancy. Nor is Miss Guiney's modest absorption in her theme a substitute for personality, as a former volume of essays, mainly "expository," might have justified one in supposing. What with a brave, practical optimism, which prompts her to "sing out for the happy she feels inside," and a mellowing humor, she evinces an out-of-door freedom and jollity that do much to alleviate the shock of her prodigious bookishness. She will pretty soon be able to "swim alone," but the closeness and handsomeness with which her learning sits upon her will happily save her from elaborate trifling.

The best thing in the present volume is the *Inquirendo Into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His Late Majesty Charles the Second*, which is thrown into the form of dialogue, that, for the nonce, the writer may not appear to hold a brief for that much-abused Merry Monarch. "Mr. Clay," says Mrs. Wetherell, "have n't you some more nice Charles-Secondy things to tell me? I am so interested." And forthwith Mr. Clay launches out upon the sixty-six page documentary account of His Majesty,—leaving the rottenness of the Restoration for the street-corner evangelists to harp upon, and concerning himself zestfully with its "human sparkle." His listeners do not yawn or interrupt, and, when he is done, their only comment is that it's "lopsided," "mortal serious, you know." The fact is that Clay's harangue is a vibrant, nobly compact piece of work, quite worthy to stand on its own legs as an essay, and challenging comparison with one of Mr. Austin Dobson's vignettes. The "dolly dialogue," however, goes to smash when it frames such weighty matter.

If, at the present stage of her literary advancement, Miss Guiney is *caviare* to the general, it is because of her large retinue of unusual words, and the length and close weaving of her paragraphs. It would be trite to urge the charm of the open page, or that the unusual word is not necessarily the striking or the picturesque word. But who will deny that Mr. Birrell gains immensely by the former device, or that Charles Lamb and Hazlitt kept, for the most part, well within the province of every-day speech? Miss Guiney has observation, but it is too industriously minute, and at times produces a disjointed effect. What guarantees her an ultimate readableness is that her words stand for ideas, her impressions for realities. In *Quiet London* we do not find her speaking of "admirable trees," as Mr. James did. And in her account of the *Tudor Exhibition* she displays neither the temper of the society journalist nor that over-anxious research of technical phrasings

which Mr. Lang says is the joy of the art critic. In the three canine papers she even drops to the cozy level of familiar chat.

HISTORY OFF-HAND

ITALY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AND THE MAKING OF AUSTRO-HUNGARY AND GERMANY.
By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. 8vo. A. C. McClurg & Company. \$2.50.

THIS latest volume from Mrs. Latimer's flowing pen has the merits and defects of its predecessors in the series of histories with which her name is chiefly associated. Those who take up the volume, expecting to find such a formal history as the title might seem to indicate, are assured of disappointment. But it is by no means certain that the cheerful gossip of historical personages, offered in its stead, permits the book to be other than agreeable disappointment. Mrs. Latimer is thoroughly aware that it is not for contemporaries to write history, so she puts forth in lieu thereof annals, lightly sketched in, often wrong in perspective, and always leaving an impression on the mind which is felt to be rather pleasing than accurate.

The style of the work is at times perilously near to what may be termed the "heart-to-heart" manner, now greatly affected by women—and men who write in and of boudoirs. It assumes a body of readers ignorant of many things supposed to lie within the common knowledge of literate mankind, as when the author defines with care and substantial accuracy the meaning of such terms as *index expurgatorius* or *mobilization*. The explanation of this is to be found in numerous little slips on Mrs. Latimer's part, as where she speaks of the Sacred College and its components, "a few of whom," she remarks with evident surprise, "though cardinals, are not in priests' orders," or where she changes the two best known lines of Halleck's *Lament for Drake* into the third person, and attributes them to Wordsworth. Moreover, she is given to quoting unknown authorities. Of Caroline, Queen of Naples, she says: "My father always called her 'that vile woman'"; or of saying things altogether unimportant, following, for example, an account of the writing of Silvio Pellico's *Le Mie Prigione*, with the comment: "I read it with deep emotion when I was a schoolgirl," or inserting in a foot-note a long defense of herself against a charge of plagiarism—"never a matter of much consequence," as has been rightly observed.

Most serious of all its defects, however, is the book's wanting a sense of proportion. "The story of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily is strong, picturesque, and interesting during the first twenty years of the nineteenth century," she says early in the narrative, "but it is not to be told here." Yet, before she has finished a third of her work, she inter-

rupts her history to quote—as extensively as digressively—from Miss Yonge's *Treasury of Golden Deeds* in regard to the crown of St. Stephen. Characters of importance rise and fall within a page; frequent repetitions, both of anecdote and incident, give pause to the work's free progress; extended accounts of unimportant persons, like Orsini, add to the halting effect, and there is little attempt at philosophic reflection, and that little not well considered.

But all these comments are but a longer way of saying that Mrs. Latimer has not written, though she does not disclaim writing, a formal history. She has certainly saved for the world many an important fact which it was in great danger of forgetting, and, at its best, her manner is delightful. If for nothing else, we should be grateful for her rescuing from oblivion an account of that General Nugent, who, commanding the Austrian army during the siege of Brescia, in 1849, was so impressed by the valor displayed by its inhabitants against double their number of assailants, that, dying before its capture, he left the city his entire fortune. But it was unnecessary to add that the General was of Irish descent.

GEORGIA SCENES—SIXTY YEARS AFTER

GEORGIA SCENES.—*Characters, Incidents, etc., in the First Half-Century of the Republic. By a Native Georgian. 12mo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.*

THE republication, after nearly sixty years, of this book may have been inspired by the success attending the rejuvenation of that kindred but vastly superior work, *Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi*; or it may be another indication, like the new edition of *Phœnixiana*, of the reviving interest in matters American, especially when humorous; in any event, it presents pictures of life in the South at a period exceedingly remote in everything but years, which are sufficiently lifelike on the face of them to induce feelings of gratitude. But it is not to be supposed that all these pictures are delightful or even pleasant ones—they are, collectively speaking, anything but likely to make us proud of that bygone generation of our fellow-countrymen who inhabited Georgia; some of them, notably the anecdotes of fighting, being wholly ruffianly. Still, the most repulsive chapters of the book go to attest the accuracy of the author's observation, and can be made to serve a sociological, if not a literary, purpose.

The style in which these living descriptions of old-fashioned Southern life are told is interestingly reminiscent of the *Spectator* and *Tatler* school, upon which we know the South modeled its writings for so many years. The humor beneath has a similar smack of the day of Queen Anne, though the irrepressible tendency of the American to jest at anybody and everything is sufficiently obvious to form,

in combination with the Addisonian elaboration and classicism, a cause for mirth which could not have been intentional. Quite the most remarkable feature of the book is—to begin a series of Hibernicisms—the practical omission of the results of slavery. However certain it may be that the peculiar institution was quite as much a matter of fact to the Northerner as to a Georgian in the thirties and forties, it still seems as if more use should have been made of it here, if only for the sake of posterity.

THE VIA MEDIA

MARIETTA'S MARRIAGE.—*By W. E. Norris. 12mo. D. Appleton Co. \$0.50.*

CHEERFULLY, although in these days he is almost without a comrade, Mr. Norris treads the *via media* of the novelist. He is, we believe, rarely interviewed. If this should happen, he might quite frankly say that he was trying, not so much to write the great novel as to avoid writing the bad novel, and to produce the good and entertaining one. This is exactly what he does. He is not a master stylist, but in spite of the Messrs. Appleton's proofreader he writes delightfully sure and correct English; his plot is not startlingly intricate nor novel, but it is really well constructed and has sufficient incident; his psychological analysis is perhaps not profound, but his characterization is discriminating, accurate, and satisfactory; he displays no great sense of beauty, but his taste is beyond reproach; he is not a wit, perhaps, yet there are epigrams and to spare in the book.

It would be possible to reproach Mr. Norris with not being Mr. Hardy or Mr. Meredith, and to urge him toward emulation of these masters. Yet he might reply in the words of one of his own characters: "Advice is one of the things which it is more blessed to give than to receive." And it is true that the qualities which he already possessed are, when combined in one writer, sufficiently remarkable.

The story of *Marietta's Marriage* would gain nothing from retelling in a review. We suppose that the critic of this morning's paper might call it "unpleasant" since its chief figures are a vacillating, pretty, discontented woman who is married, and a man who is not, and is a bit of a blackguard to boot. Yet we have not found it unpleasant reading, and there are plenty of other characters who are wholesome and lively. And, after all, Marietta stops this side of the brink, to which she comes so close.

The only reproach we make Mr. Norris is his old-fashioned, leisurely way of taking 455 pages for his story. For modern taste this is a little too long. Yet almost every one of the 455 pages is readable.



WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT

THE HALF-CASTE: AN OLD GOVERNESS'S TALE.—

By the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.
12mo. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.00.

NO better opportunity than this was ever given for the comparison of the art of to-day and the art of day before yesterday in the telling of a short story. Six of Dinah Maria Mulock's (Mrs. Craik's) tales have been released from the limbo of old *Chambers's Journals*, "and are now published in book-form, in the belief that the present generation will read with pleasure and profit what charmed and instructed their fathers and mothers." The three pairs of words linked by the *ands* in the foregoing quotation from the brief publisher's note which prefaces the book describe the quality of the stories better than a page of analysis. Who now is writing for the sake of being read with "pleasure and profit"? or to "charm and instruct"? or for "fathers and mothers"?

The half-dozen little tales cover much ground. Here is history, romance, everyday life, pathos, patriotism, love, remorse, and hope. Here are heroines vastly better behaved under adverse circumstances than heroines are wont to be, now that we are fathers and mothers, rather than sons and daughters. Here, too, are heroes who loom, mighty men in deeds, or words, or sentiment. It is another, and we fear a better, assuredly a drearier, world. The publisher is right—the book will be read "with pleasure and profit."

THROUGH ENGLISH SPEC-TACLES

THE LAND OF THE DOLLAR.—By G. W. Steevens.
12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

ONE may lay it down as an axiom that no book that sets out to describe the character and institutions of a foreign country will have any permanent value unless based on sympathy. Especially and for obvious reasons is this the case with America, and yet it is just this power to enter into the feelings of a nation so widely different from their own that has been wanting in our European critics. Mr. Bryce, of course, is a distinguished exception; De Tocqueville is another; but as a rule foreigners, and Englishmen particularly, have looked on us as mere curiosities and written of us with a certain amused contempt. *The Land of the Dollar* is a sign that this attitude is beginning to die away and give place to intelligent interest and sane, candid, and proportionate criticism. Mr. Steevens could not have written his book twenty-five years ago; even five years ago he would have had to spice it with a mixture of superiority and disdain. As it stands to-day, it is perhaps the first

attempt on the part of an average Englishman to give a true picture of America as she really is. The book is made up of a series of letters contributed to a London newspaper during the campaign of 1896. It is written from first to last with unflagging vivacity, clearness, and sympathy. The author calls himself "an ignorant but unprejudiced Englishman." The ignorance does not matter; it is the lack of prejudice that is the important thing. And Mr. Steevens, whether he writes of the United States navy, or McKinley, or the Colorado silver men, or American hostility to England, or Chicago, or our railway system, or breakfast table, is keen-sighted, amusing, and unbiased. He introduces just enough criticism and comparison to make an American realize what manner of country America is; and his comment is never harsh and unreasoning, but sober, kindly, and usually very just. Even when he is wrong, one could not wish for a pleasanter writer to disagree with. The descriptive passages are admirable for their terse vividness, and the whole style of the book is altogether above any journalistic work we are used to here. But there is another reason why the book should be read on this side. No man ever understands his own country till a foreigner comes to explain it to him; and Mr. Steevens can be recommended as a bright, thoughtful, and discriminating guide.

A PROTEST

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.—By Richard Harding Davis.
12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

WITH a prejudice wholly in its favor, and the most friendly intentions in the world, we find ourselves quite unable to join in the chorus of praise with which critics, both great and small, have greeted *Soldiers of Fortune*. To state, as the *New York Tribune* has done, that the book is "a triumph for Mr. Richard Harding Davis," is as unfair to Mr. Davis as it is to his readers, and argues either a weakness of judgment or no judgment at all. To continue by saying that "There are two reasons why Mr. Davis should be congratulated upon his *Soldiers of Fortune*. In the first place, he has given us in it the novel of life in a revolutionary South American state for which we have long been waiting, and furthermore, he has made it a revelation of his finest gifts,"—to continue thus argues merely ignorance. It leads one to suppose that the individual who wrote the passage had never met with a book by Anthony Hope, published now several years ago, and called *A Man of Mark*. Mr. Hope's story, it is true, is not reckoned among his best. It is just this fact which makes the applause over Mr. Davis's performance so silly and insulting. *Soldiers of Fortune* is not in any sense taken from *A Man of Mark*, but that—in its present form—it was largely inspired by the earlier book, we cannot help feeling.

Besides this, it is much the same sort of novel; the characterization is no better and no worse. The personages are American and therefore more appealing to us, but the incidents are the same, about as dramatic and stirring, and the two books deserve to stand side by side and rank alike. Mr. Anthony Hope has done much better work than *A Man of Mark*. Mr. Davis has surpassed *Soldiers of Fortune* in several of his shorter stories.

With this protest against the absurdity of a newspaper criticism which is being spread broadcast as an advertisement by the Messrs. Scribner, it is a pleasure to state that Mr. Davis's novel is light, quick, and amusing. In the first chapter he is in his best vein: it has all the unexpectedness, the spirit and swing of the short stories that made him famous, and as an introduction to the hero, it is hardly to be improved upon. The whole book is agreeably written; it is really dramatic. The episode of poor Stuart's death is broadly pathetic, the rescue on the beach and the daring of Hope are things to make one rush through the pages in eager excitement. Finally, the scene on shipboard, and the end, are all that one can ask—that is, of a novelist who is very clever, but is not, in *Soldiers of Fortune* at least, by any means what the *Tribune* calls him—"a veritable master of the art of fiction."

BOLANYO

BOLANYO.—By Opie Read. 16mo. *Way & Williams*. \$1.25.

IF we are to judge from this volume, we should much prefer dining with Mr. Opie Read to reading his novel. The merit of *Bolanyo* and the thing which has lured us somewhat unwillingly through its pages is the occasional after-dinner anecdote which Mr. Read interjects into his narrative. The anecdote is largely of Southerners and negroes, and at times it makes pathetically ineffectual efforts to connect itself logically with the plot, but in general it escapes any such degrading connection. When it appears, one may hear the frank, clear laugh of the "drummer" as such stories enliven his hotel evenings.

The anecdote is the real hero of the book, and it is more eagerly awaited than is ever Mr. Belford. Beneath the tread of this gentleman, the *jeune premier* of the *National Dramatic Company*, a Mississippi steamboat explodes, landing him in what Mr. Read begs leave to offer us as a delightfully typical Southern environment. Belford proceeds to enjoy the environment, manage a theater for the puppets who live in *Bolanyo*, and fall in love with a colorless young woman whose father had befriended him and whose husband was away at the state capital. This watery affection arose, not especially at the dictate of passion, but apparently because an impossible negro, who was at once clergyman and domestic servant, from the moment of Belford's

appearance had warned him against the danger of such an illicit fondness.

Almost nothing happens until about two hundred and fifty pages have been passed. Then indeed Mr. Read gives us excitement enough for any novel. Really, one gets a whole dime's worth. For he hews his way to the finish and a happy ending through a murder, a false accusation, an attempted lynching, a rescue by the heroine, an escape through the woods, an existence as a cab-driver in Chicago, a hunt by detectives, and many other extraordinary incidents. All this in not quite fifty pages.

Bolanyo is the kind of book which a certain kind of critic will pronounce "not very literary, perhaps, but very natural." The judgment is only half right; *Bolanyo* is not very literary, and it is not very natural. The dialogue is needlessly stiff and bombastic, and the characterization most conventional. The cover of the book, however, will make it an ornament to any library table.

MADE IN WISCONSIN

MAY-TIDE LYRICS.—By Caleb Hauser. 32mo. *Sheboygan Zeitung Press*. \$0.15.

IN place of the customary review, we take pleasure in printing the letter which accompanied this volume.

FRANKLIN, Wis., June 25, 1897.

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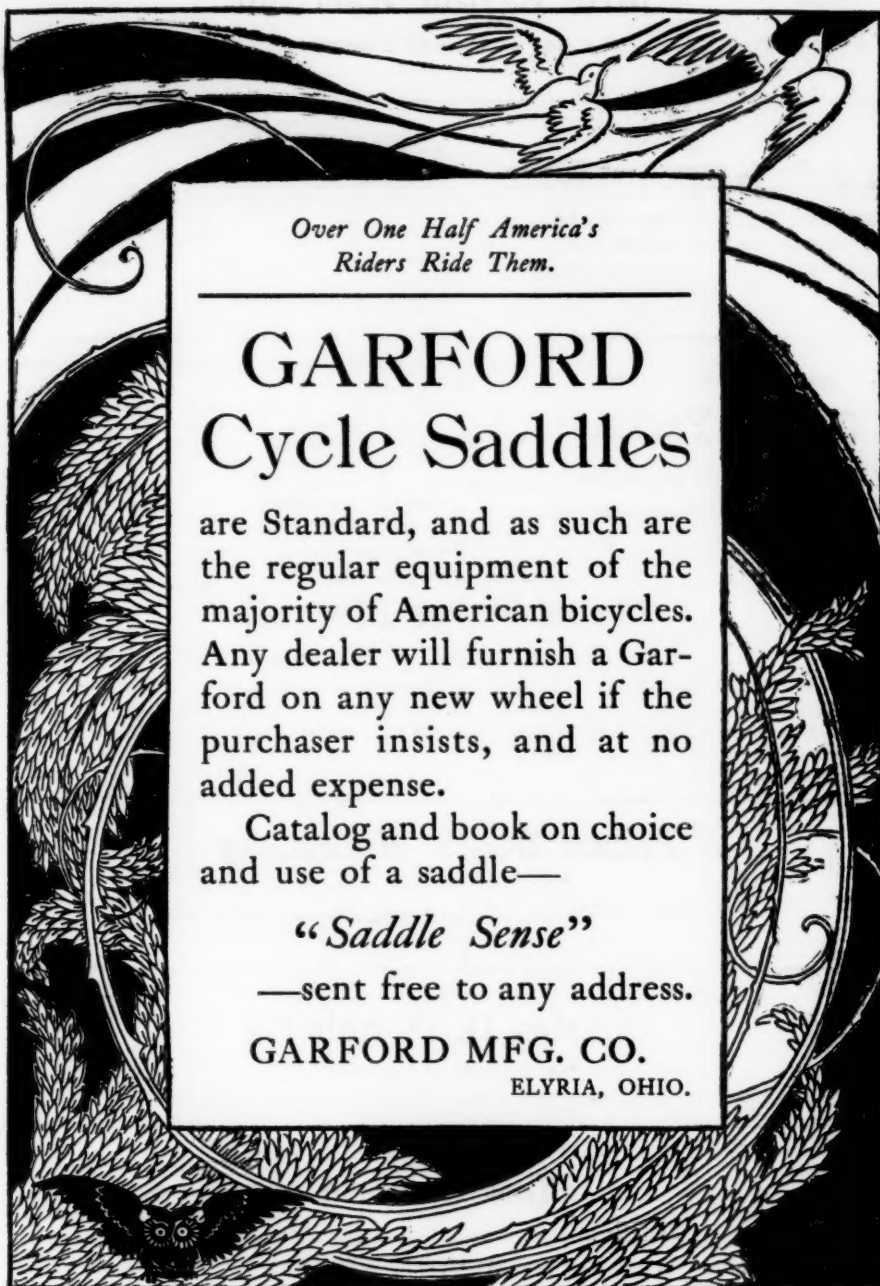
Yours respectfully,

CALEB HAUSER.

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THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.—By Laura Bride Powers. 12mo. William Doxey.
THE EVOLUTION OF DODD'S SISTER.—By Charlotte W. Eastman. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co.
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MDCCCXCVII.

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